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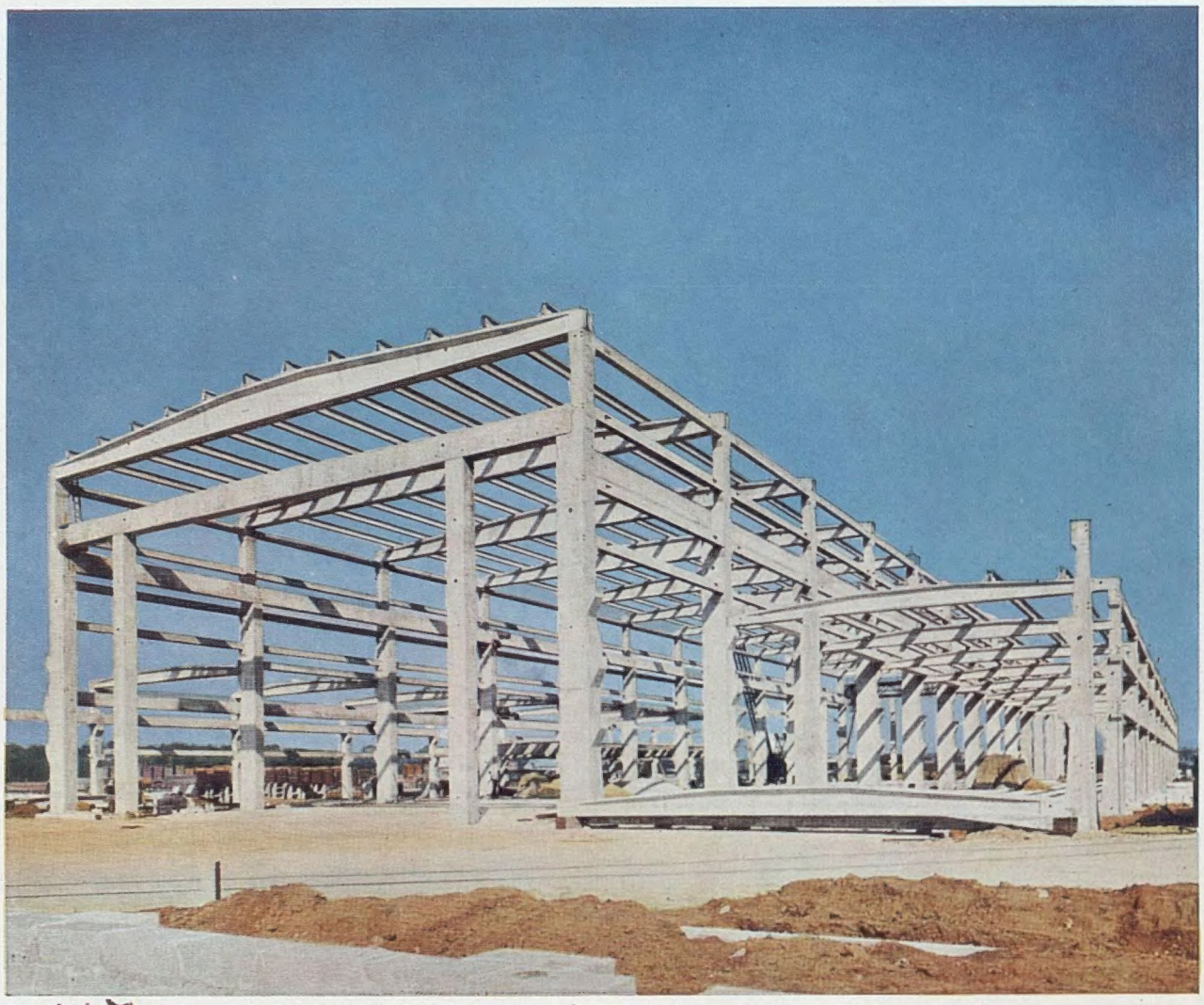

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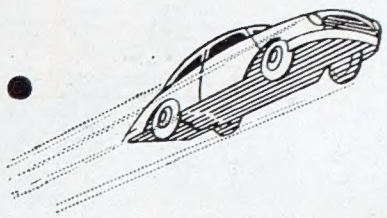

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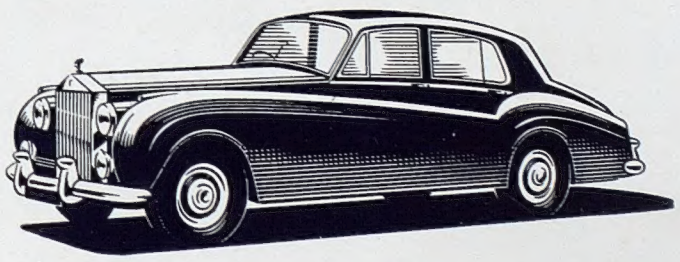

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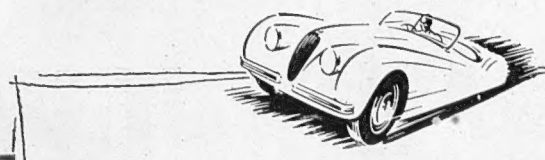

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A Chateau near Spa—Photo: Belgian Tourist Office.

JAGUAR *Grace . . . Space . . . Pace*

Volume CCXXI No. 2886

The SPHERE, London, June 4, 1955

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE CONSERVATIVE VICTORY AT THE POLLS—THE PRIME MINISTER ACKNOWLEDGES THE CHEERS AS HE RETURNS TO NO. 10, DOWNING STREET AFTER HIS RE-ELECTION: Sir Anthony and Lady Eden are seen on their return to London from Warwick, where the Prime Minister was returned with a greatly increased majority. Sir Anthony remains Prime Minister as a result of last week's General Election, in which the Conservative Party gained a comfortable increase in their overall majority.

Less than eighteen hours after the polling stations had closed, last Thursday week, Sir Anthony Eden was certain of remaining Prime Minister. He knew then that the Conservatives and their allies would obtain a handsome increase in their majority over all the other parties in the new Parliament. Furthermore, unlike 1951, the Conservatives gained a majority of the number of votes cast. Polling was not as heavy as at the last two elections, some 77 per cent. of the electorate voting. But while the Conservative votes remained more or less the same, Labour voting definitely declined. The swing of just under 2 per cent. was enough to turn the result in favour of the Conservatives in most of the very marginal seats, but not enough to produce a "landslide." The Liberals increased the number of votes they received in many of the constituencies where their candidates were standing, but failed to increase their Parliamentary representation. Well over half their candidates once again forfeited their deposits. In Ulster two Sinn Feiners were returned. (Further General Election pictures appear on pages 374-75.)

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

The SPHERE with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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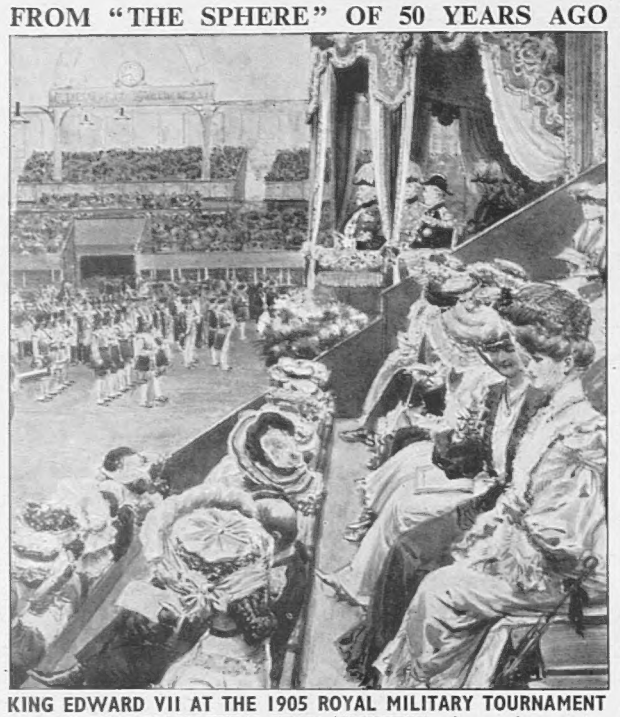
FROM "THE SPHERE" OF 50 YEARS AGO



KING EDWARD VII AT THE 1905 ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON : It was the twenty-sixth Tournament and the great feature of the pageant dealt with the evolution of the Royal Navy. The King was met at the Hall by the Duke of Connaught, the President of the Tournament, and was accompanied in the Royal Box by Lord Roberts and Sir John Fisher. This drawing is by F. Matania.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Drawings.—*The Art Editor will be pleased to consider artists' specimens and has an especial interest in architectural, shipping, aeronautical, industrial and scientific subjects. It is essential that contributors have a high standard of technical accuracy, as well as of artistic merit. Artists should make an appointment with the Art Editor before submitting their work, or should write to him giving a brief description of its scope if they wish to send specimens through the post. All work should bear a short description and the name and address of the contributor, together with stamps for its return through the post should this be necessary. It is essential that the copyright of all drawings is at the disposal of the owner, as* THE SPHERE *generally publishes the work only after obtaining all rights.*

Photography.—*Topical photographs of news events and of personalities in the news will always be considered. It is absolutely essential that these are fully and accurately captioned. Negatives will not be considered and photoprints should be at least* 8 *ins. by* 6 *ins. The copyright of such pictures must be at the disposal of the sender, postage included for those sent by mail.*

Manuscripts.—*Articles and Synopses should always be sent direct to the Editor and, if possible, accompanied with illustrations and photographs. In each case the pictures should be adequately captioned. Articles are required on all subjects relating to the news of the day, ranging in length from* 750 *words to* 2,000 *words.*

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

EGYPT'S £200,000,000 NILE DAM PROJECT

By Henry Ayres, C.B.E.,
with Drawings by Victor Coverley-Price

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

A New Administration and Mandate.

—The General Election is over and we have a new administration, chosen by the nation after patiently hearing the arguments and promises put out by the rival parties. In the past weeks, before and after the result was known, my readers will have heard enough commentary to satisfy them. I shall be forgiven if this week I devote rather more space to extraneous comments and take an Election holiday. For the moment the victorious party-leader has been busy Cabinet-making and portfolio-filling, and I will say no more than this about the result: the Government chosen by the majority of the electorate now becomes the Government to be accepted by the whole. That is our Western democratic method. Loyalty to it is as much a duty for the minority as for the majority. Both are free to indulge at any time in fair criticism, and even to try to oust it by constitutional means, if its mandate fails or ceases to attract; but not to flout or disobey it while it stands. That is the electorate's side of the constitutional bargain. The Government's part is to implement its pre-election promises, as far as changing circumstances allow, and to govern and order the affairs of the nation in the best interests of the country and all its parties and classes without distinction, fear or favour. That sounds clear and simple but is never so simple or clear as it sounds. At any rate, it is by no means easy to show it under a "U" licence. Accordingly, we offer up a prayer to Heaven that the new Government during its term of office may be given a right judgment in all things and use its vast power for good or ill with the wisdom of the serpent and the gentleness of the dove, the impartiality of a British judge and, when necessary, at home and abroad, with the courage of a bulldog.

Strikes—a Gleam of Hope?

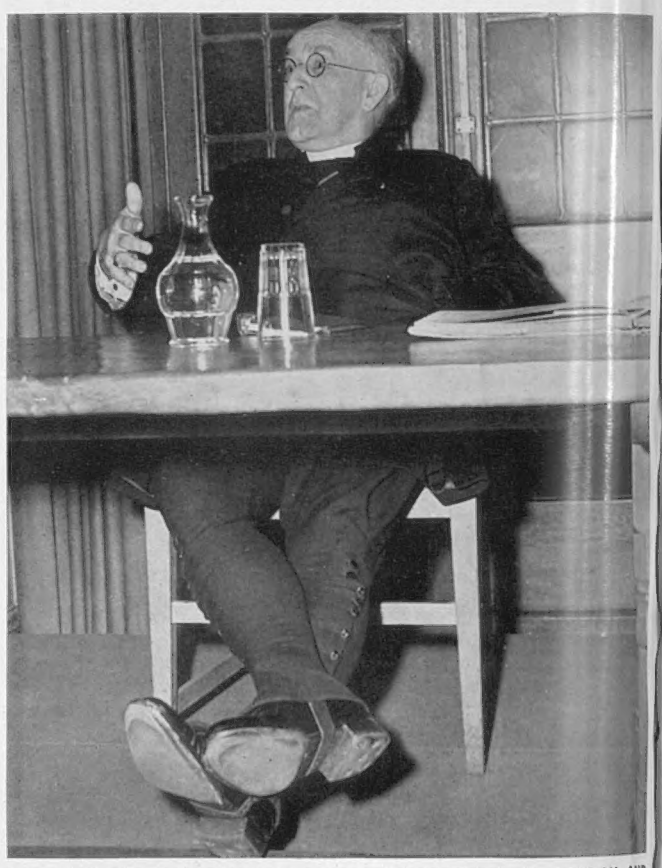
—Dare we hope that at long last a gleam of sanity has illumined the sombre atmosphere of industrial unrest and indiscipline? It does look as if good may come out of the evil of the past year. There is only one way; there never was an alternative; never can be a compromise. The only way is by close co-operation of all the interests which stand for the true objectives and ideals of trade unionism and the economic welfare of the country, the Government, the T.U.'s, the employers, the management boards, the disciplined workers and the outraged public, to stand shoulder to shoulder in resisting the ruthless tactics of minorities which have cost the country so much and so greatly damaged the good name of trade unionism and the best interests of a vast majority of the workers. The fight may be long. It will not be won without great courage, great sacrifice and a great deal of serious and sensible reflection and reforms on both sides of industry. But it is much to know that the T.U.C. is now fully alive to its own peril and is willing to co-operate with *any* Government to restore order in the community and thereby recover its own vital authority. A month ago it looked as if such co-operation was still worlds away.

Mr. Gaitskell's Bright Idea.—

What seemed to me the most thought-worthy of the Socialists' pre-election vote-catchers got caught in the lid of Mr. Gaitskell's Pandora's box and only fluttered out on the last days before the poll. In the monthly *Socialist Commentary* he explained his novel plan for death duty reform. Of course, no new idea can claim entire originality. Death duties are an objectionable necessity in our present economy. Nationalisation, as at present operated, has revealed its weaknesses. A gentler and slower method of nationalisation (and nationalisation will continue for years to come as a plank in any Socialist programme, to be trod whenever the times seem favourable) is certainly worth consideration. A form of nationalisation which would make the Exchequer a beneficiary from the skill and knowledge of private industrialists without botching their efforts by assuming too early control of such industries by less experienced public boards would healthily slow down nationalisation as we know it (to our cost) and secure a partnership between the State and its most successful industrialists, whereby the State (ourselves) might derive a welcome profit instead of a rising deficit. And that is Mr. Gaitskell's bright, if not entirely new, idea. He proposes that the State should accept payment of death duties not only in cash but in securities and other forms of property, real and personal. He cites instances of public companies whose shares have risen astronomically in value. Death duties to-day bring in £180,000,000 annually. Of this sum, £50,000,000 a year are derived from company shares owned by the estates mulcted for death duties. If these shares were accepted in lieu of cash (that is, sale to the public on 'change) by the Exchequer, the State would not only secure a rich and increasing source of revenue from splendidly run companies, but might, in due course, become *controlling* shareholder in many of them. Thus we should obtain nationalisation by evolution, not by revolution, and nationalisation *at leisure*, which would give hot-head Governments a chance to realise the folly of dropping the pilots of experience who have weathered the storms and alone can weather future storms. It is certainly a proposition worthy of very serious consideration beyond its present range.

A Palpable Fake.—A pundit told his scientific audience last week that the exposure of the Piltdown fraud had proved a GOOD THING. Good had come out of evil. Never again could an archæological fake pass muster as the "goods" or the real thing. So many, so various, so effective, have been the new tests which have been devised since the Dawson exposure. Various, indeed! I believe these new tests extend far beyond the treatment of old bone. I fancy we are on the eve of a national witch-hunt into fakes in every field of art and archæology. I don't think a museum or picture-gallery in Britain is safe. A hundred Old Masters' heads will fall. You and I will soon move cynically round the National Gallery, commending the cleverness of the forgeries and fakes displayed. A Rembrandt? Preposterous. Raphael? A palpable forgery. The Coronation Chair? Mid-Victorian. The Stone of Scone? They have to hide it away. The Abbey? Largely post-war work. Magna Carta? Any fool can see it is an eighteenth-century forgery. How will all this exposure and cynicism affect the pundits, the art-critics? I don't think we need shed a tear for them. Their lot has always been "extremely hard"; they are more nervous of their reputations than film-stars; every day of their lives they dread an exposure round the corner, but always their vanity conquers their diffidence and they bob up as omniscient and as sure of themselves as ever after each and every setback. Bode, Van Meegeren, Dawson . . the pundits take these incidents in their stride, and at their nod we add to our national and private collections "at a price said to be in the neighbourhood of six figures." But perhaps times will grow more austere for the noble army of living fakers.

THE ARCHBISHOP MEETS THE PRESS



DR. GEOFFREY FISHER HOLDS A PRESS CONFERENCE IN LONDON AND COMMENTS ON HIS AFRICAN TOUR : The Archbishop of Canterbury spoke about his reported comments during the tour, and said that he had made no comment in reply to questions in South Africa concerning Princess Margaret. When asked if he had any practical suggestion on where the Press should draw the line, he said that it was important that they should think out carefully exactly what restraint they ought to impose on themselves in order not to threaten the natural freedoms and privacies of the ordinary person.

Traffic and the Medieval Town.—

Of many domestic problems which seem almost insoluble, that of easing traffic congestion in our medieval towns is high on the list. Take Oxford, for example. There are so many interests involved, new and old, industrial, economic, cultural. The job to be done is to divert traffic from a place which *draws* traffic, to increase the flow of traffic when every building invites you to *halt*. If you can by-pass it by half a mile, where go the city's trade and transport

amenities? If you try to cut a relief road through its centre, it is hands off Christ Church Meadows, hands off the parks. If you bring peace to the High, you destroy the efficiency of the Science School and half the tourist trade. It is the same in little in many a small country town. Midhurst, for example, which nowadays attracts in summer a very considerable volume of traffic for Goodwood (horse and car) racing and for polo at Cowdray. It grew up haphazard round the Great House. In the centuries it has undergone little change. It has, indeed, a broad main street where cars may park on either side, but that artery is rendered fatuous by bottle-necks at each end. Its old hereditary tradesmen still ply their businesses at the old addresses in the by-streets with quaint names, built at a time when only an occasional horseman used them. To-day no parking is possible near these shops, and if they deal in heavy goods, it is virtually impossible for supplier or purchaser to do business in those articles. There is no solution that could be acceptable to all interests. No interest would back a scheme to turn Oxford into a big new Crawley, or Midhurst into a small Crawley. At Oxford any scheme for a by-pass of the High and Carfax within the city boundaries would be strenuously opposed as vandalism and impossibly expensive. Nothing but the completion of ring-roads to carry through traffic outside the city boundaries can relieve the present congestion, and that goes for scores of historic cities on main routes, such as Windsor, Warwick, Kenilworth, and so on, where at the present time in summer it is practically impossible for the legitimate sightseer to halt to view famous shrines. And in our small example, Midhurst, if the bottle-necks which make the broad main street of none effect were eliminated, still the tradesmen in the by-streets could only sell goods which customers on foot could carry away. I confess that, as a magistrate, I think our police in large and small medieval towns should practise a less rigid code and show more sympathy for the hopeless difficulties alike of customers, shopkeepers and sightseers. Medieval towns need a highway code of their own, and it should be devised with a bias of sympathy for the legitimate stranger in their midst, the sightseer and holidaymaker, and, above all, for the local people whose market town it is. It is the same with the popular sea-side towns. The inhabitants are sacrificed. More than that, far too heavy a share of the cost of regulating the traffic for sporting events falls on the local ratepayers.

Atlantic Archipelago.—The Atlantic is to be furnished with about thirty more islands dotted at various distances off the East Coast of America. The soil of these islands will not grow food. They will be made of steel by the hands of men. They will measure 100 ft. square, will weigh 6,000 tons and will stand on the sea-bed on stilts, raising the islands 90 ft. above low-water level, clear of the highest waves and capable of resisting winds of 100 m.p.h. They will be equipped with the latest radar equipment, radio and weather observation instruments, and will be inhabited by a crew of seventy experts from the Air Force, Coast Guards and Weather Bureau. They will be serviced by helicopter. These islands are designed to save life by warnings of various kinds, to shipping, to aeroplanes, and to congested cities liable to surprise attack. I suppose they might also on occasion serve as temporary refuges for shipwrecked sailors and airmen, who will take heart from the thought that the Atlantic is to be an archipelago. But there is another side to the picture. Can you conceive the horror of existence on a steel platform far out in the Atlantic in winter conditions, a mere dot in a vast, stormy ocean, with no distraction but scientific instruments? I can imagine that such islands might well be adopted as "excellent substitutes" for the rope and the electric chair. But I doubt if the most dangerous murderers would choose the alternative, if afforded a trial period. Theirs would be a long-term trick of duty.

Another Miserable May.—Some day some intelligent body of men, appointed by Government or outdoor interests, will have to consider whether our seasons have changed their habits and whether the calendar's face has slipped, and, if so, how far. May, for instance. Has February, March or April (old style) slipped down into May? I am interested in May. I keep a birthday and open my garden in the middle of that month. I also keep a weather record. It shows me that in the past eight Mays, the rainfall and the cold have in six years been quite abnormal. In the last three years my observations on two mid-May days (May 15 and 19) have been as follows:—"Rain, gale." "Dull, cold." "Bitter cold, hail, thunder." "Gale and rain as usual; 4¼ ins. rain so far" "Only a little less Arctic." "Bitter wind and hail-storms." Those observations bracket mid-May for the last three years. Not a pretty record. Of course, the ancients knew May to be a treacherous month ("Cast not a clout"); of course, we have always warned and pitied overseas cricketing teams visiting us at the end of April. And, of course, we must not hint at the effects on weather of nuclear explosions; for that is unproven or in bad taste. But we are entitled to say that for several years May has changed its character, and for longer periods than of old has given us the nastier features of March and April, and retarded spring growth by anything up to a fortnight beyond the normal. And that being so, it is high time that the purveyors of open-air sports and entertainments, garden-openers and such, should consider the wisdom of adjusting their early summer fixtures to new conditions of weather

THE OLD STAGER

THE HELICOPTER CRASH IN CHICHESTER HARBOUR

AN AIR VICE-MARSHAL AND A ROYAL NAVAL OFFICER ARE KILLED AS THE HELICOPTER CRASHES AT THE YACHTING VILLAGE OF ITCHENOR: The wrecked machine, a Westland S51 Dragonfly, is seen on its side close to the jetty where it had just landed the naval officer. The two officers who were killed were Air Vice-Marshal Sir Francis J. W. Mellersh and Lieut.-Commander Michael Baring; the pilot of the helicopter escaped. Sir Francis Mellersh had gone down to the jetty to meet Lieut.-Commander Baring, who had flown from Gosport for an afternoon's sailing. As the helicopter came within a few inches of the jetty he stepped from the machine and went towards Sir Francis. The helicopter then began to rise on its return journey to Gosport, but it struck a dinghy mast and went out of control. As it crashed, both Sir Francis and Lieut.-Commander Baring were struck by the rotors and killed. An eyewitness said that Sir Francis "made as if to jump off the jetty . . . but he was too late." Sir Francis Mellersh served in Bengal and Ceylon, and from 1944 until the collapse of Japan was Air Commander Strategic Air Force, South-East Asia Command. After the war he took command of the R.A.F. in Malaya. Lieut.-Commander Baring was attached to the Sea Survival School at Gosport.

A GOVERNMENT GRANT FOR A HISTORIC HERTFORDSHIRE HOUSE

THE BRICK HOUSE, GREAT HORMEAD, WHERE THE COST OF URGENT STRUCTURAL REPAIRS IS TO BE PARTLY BORNE BY THE MINISTRY OF WORKS: This is a view of the east front of the small manor house which was built during the late sixteenth century. Structural rescue work has been carried out to external walls and elsewhere, but, on the whole, the fabric has been very little altered. The plan is unusual and regarded as unique in the county. The body of the house is rectangular in form, with a small projecting bay on the west front, which probably contained the original staircase, and two wings on the north-east and south-west corners. Interesting examples of fenestration are the little window openings in the upper storeys of the north and west walls, measuring about 8 ins. by 3 ins., with splayed jamb and square heads. There is also an outside oven, probably of the same date as the building, which backs on to the chimney-stack at the north-west corner.

AN AFTER-THE-POLL SCENE IN 630 CONSTITUENCIES : Counting is seen taking place in Caxton Hall, Westminster. In the gallery the spectators, many of them students from overseas, watch the ballot papers being placed in their separate piles by the counters.

THE OLD WARRIOR IS RETURNED WITH A LARGE MAJORITY : Sir Winston Churchill speaking to his constituents at Woodford after he had been returned with a majority of over 15,000. Lady Churchill, with her arm still in a sling, is seen listening intently.

THE CROWDS GATHERED IN LONDON TO WATCH THE FIRST RESULTS COME IN : Piccadilly Circus was packed with people eager to watch the election results as they went up on a board overlooking the West End centre. There was another board in Trafalgar Square. Later on the night of the poll, heavy rain drove the crowds home, but both television and sound radio gave a full service of results.

Decisive as the Conservative victory at the polls was last week, the margin between that and a "landslide" was small. The swing to the Conservatives was rather less than 2 per cent., sufficient, with the effects of boundary revision, shift of population, and the influence of local personalities to account for a considerable change. But at the same time this resulted in a comparatively small number of Members actually losing their seats, though there were some outstanding fights in many of the constituencies.

The only senior ex-Minister to lose his seat was Mr. Maurice Webb, who was beaten at Bradford North by redistribution and the former National Liberal member, Mr. W. J. Taylor, though the margin was only sixty-nine. Redistribution also beat a former Conservative junior Minister, Sir Gurney Braithwaite, who not unexpectedly lost Bristol North-West. One of the surprises of the poll was the defeat of Mr. Michael Foot at Devonport. The Bevanite member, who has sat for the constituency since 1945, was beaten by a National Liberal, Miss Joan Vickers, by 100 votes. Another ex-M.P. generally associated with Mr. Aneurin Bevan who lost his seat was Mr. Geoffrey Bing, who lost Hornchurch. Mr. Ian Mikardo, on the other hand, did well to win the new Reading constituency by 238 votes. One of the best campaigns was fought by Miss Pat Hornsby-Smith, who more than trebled her majority.

At Gravesend, where the retiring member, Sir Richard Acland, stood as an Independent, a young Conservative, Mr. Peter Kirk, was able to win the seat with a minority vote. There were some notable Conservative gains in the London area. Wandsworth Central, once Ernest Bevin's constituency, was won for the Conservatives by Mr. M. H. Hughes-Young, and both Ealing North and Walthamstow East were captured from Labour. At Carlisle a Labour majority of 3,192 was turned into a Conservative victory by 370, in great measure due to the absence of a Liberal candidate.

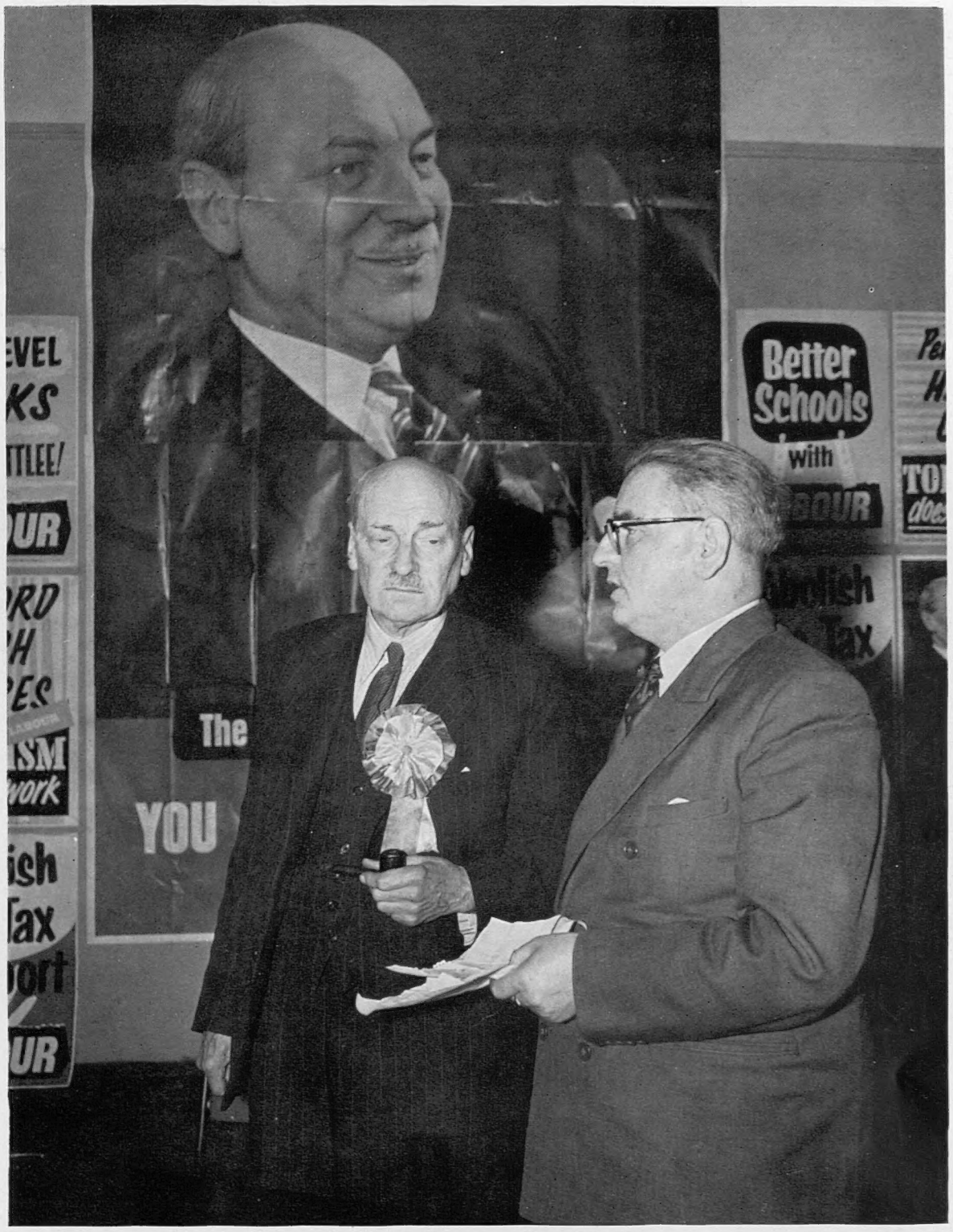
The Liberals fared surprisingly well. They still lost a large number of deposits, but in areas which were considered to be Liberal strongholds they increased their total poll, though they failed to increase their representation in Parliament. Fifteen of the seventeen Communists forfeited their deposits, and attempts of Independents, Nationalists and Sinn Feiners met with similar failure.

THE ELECTION

Scenes and Personalities on Election Night as an Increased Conservative Majority Ensures Another Term of Office for Sir Anthony Eden's Government

WATFORD GOES TORY : Mr. F. W. Farey-Jones (left), who captured Watford for the Conservatives, offers a light to his Labour opponent, Mr. Ashley Bramall. Mr. Farey-Jones turned a Labour majority of 508 into a Conservative win by 1,717 votes.

A CONSERVATIVE GAIN IN WALTHAMSTOW : Mr. Attlee, the Labour Party's leader and successful candidate for Walthamstow West, congratulates Mr. John Harvey, who won Walthamstow East for the Conservatives. Mr. Harvey gained a majority of 1,129 over his Labour rival, Mr. H. W. Wallace, who in 1951 had been elected with a majority of 1,020.



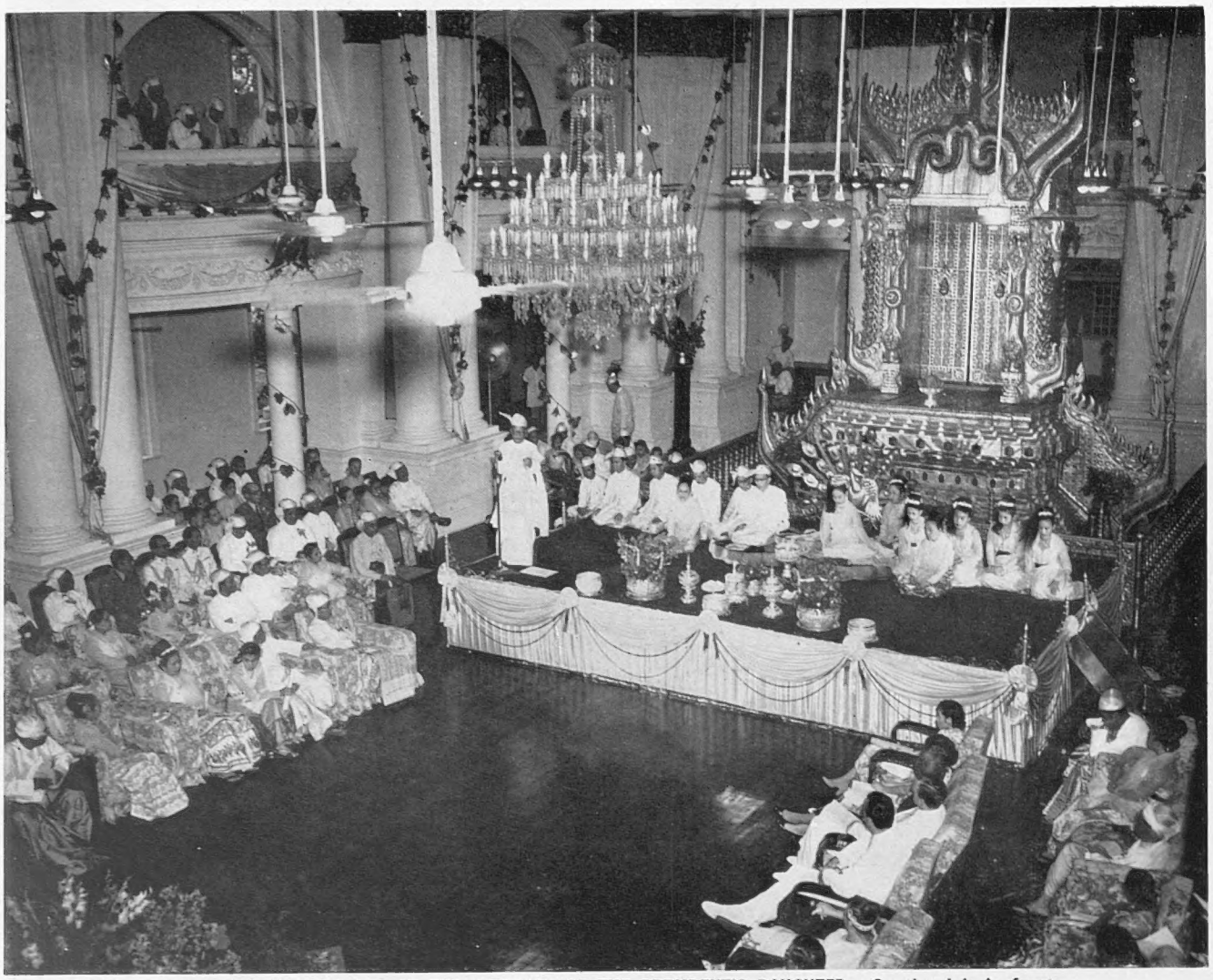
"FACE TO FACE THE TRUTH WILL OUT" : A tired and dejected-looking Mr. Attlee, a contrast to the buoyant picture of him on the election poster behind, is seen at Transport House at 4 a.m. on the night of the poll. Mr. Morgan Phillips, right, Secretary-General of the Labour Party, had told the Party leader that the night's results showed that Labour could not get a majority. In fact, they showed a steady trend of about 2 per cent. towards the Conservatives, a trend which had been predicted with remarkable accuracy by the public opinion polls which were held before polling day. Of Labour Party leaders, only Mr. Maurice Webb, a former Minister of Food, lost his seat, though Sir Frank Soskice, a former Attorney-General, was unable to find a new constituency for himself before nominations closed.

On left—

WATCHING THE RESULTS IN STYLE AND COMFORT : The scene in the ballroom at the Savoy Hotel, in London, where Viscount Camrose and the Hon. Michael Berry were hosts at the *Daily Telegraph* election-night reception. They were carrying on the tradition of these receptions instituted by their father. Nearly 2,000 guests, representing all spheres of political and public life, and including King Gustav of Sweden, watched the results of the first six hours of counting being posted up on the floodlit boards. In other hotels, and in clubs and restaurants in London, special election parties were held.

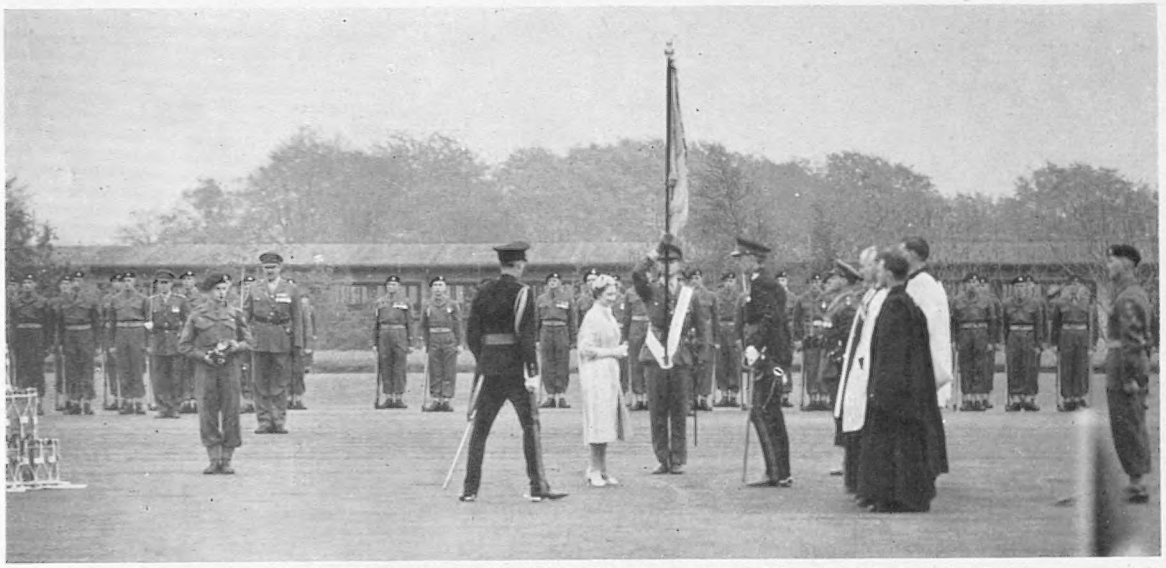
THE WORLD IN REVIEW

A PICTORIAL ACCOUNT OF RECENT EVENTS IN ASIA, EUROPE, AND THE EASTERN PACIFIC



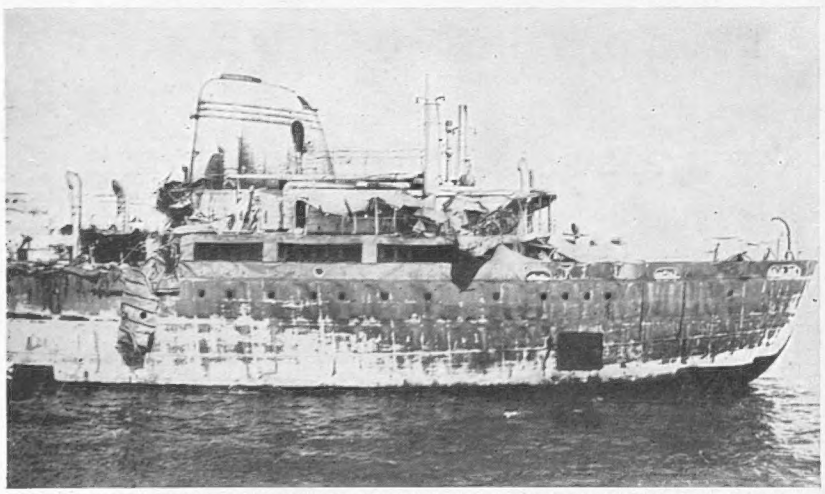
THE BURMESE PRIME MINISTER OFFICIATES AT THE WEDDING OF THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER : On the dais in front of the great Burmese Throne in Rangoon an elder recites from Buddhist scriptures at the wedding of the only daughter of President Ba U of Burma and the son of a former Chief Justice. The Burmese Premier, U Nu, officiated.

THE NEWLY-WEDS : Maung Than Aung and Ma Khin Saw U receive their guests in the Throne Room after the marriage ceremony. Maung Than Aung is the son of the late Chief Justice of Burma, U Tun Byu. He himself is a Rangoon lawyer, and was educated at Cambridge. The ceremony at which he married the President's daughter was one of the most elaborate Oriental weddings seen in Burma for many years. And it was the first time in the centuries-old history of the great Throne Room that a marriage ceremony was performed there. U Nu, the Burmese Premier, took part in the ceremonies as an elder, and it was he who tied the matrimonial knot of white chiffon between the young couple, with the assistance of his wife, Daw Mya Yi.



PRINCESS MARGARET PRESENTS NEW COLOURS IN GERMANY : The ceremony at Wuppertal, when the Princess presented the new Colours to the 1st Battalion The Suffolk Regiment. Princess Margaret, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment, made the presentation during a visit to Germany, which was curtailed by an epidemic of typhoid.

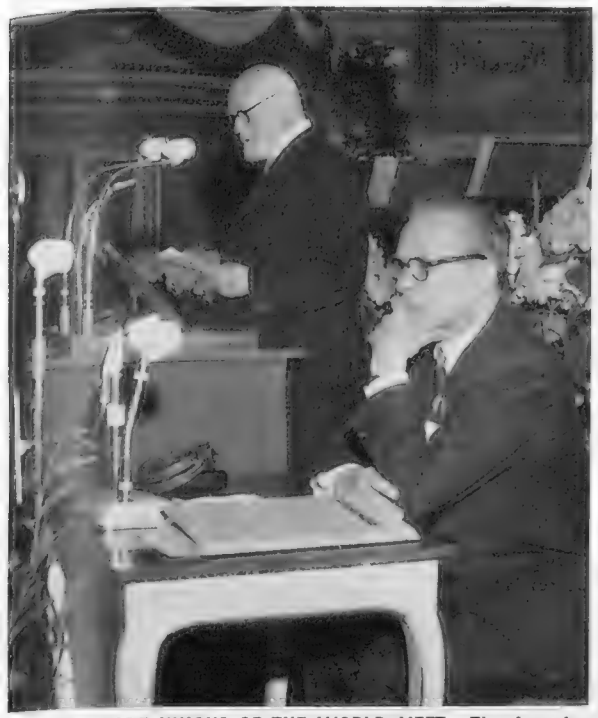
THE NEW REGIMENTAL COLOUR : Lieutenant J. D. Churchill receives the new Colour from Princess Margaret at Harding Barracks, Wuppertal. The old Colours, which were being replaced, had been presented to the Suffolk Regiment in 1849, and were the oldest still to be carried by a unit of the British Army. After the ceremony the Colours were toasted in champagne. Because of an epidemic of typhoid in the Ruhr, Princess Margaret was forced to cancel part of her proposed visit to units of the British Army of the Rhine. She had to abandon her proposed two-day stay at Iserlohn with the 3rd The King's Own Hussars, another regiment of which she is Colonel-in-Chief. The source of the epidemic was traced to a water-well used by a dairy at Hagen, near Iserlohn. Altogether nearly 600 cases of typhoid were reported in towns and villages in the Ruhr, and there was one fatality. Hospitals in Hagen and Iserlohn were completely filled with typhoid cases.



THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN NAVIES COME TO THE AID OF AN ITALIAN TANKER IN THE PERSIAN GULF : The gutted stern of the tanker *Argea Prima* is seen after a fire on board had been extinguished with the assistance of crews from H.M.S. *Loch Killisport*, an anti-submarine frigate, and U.S.S. *Valcour*, an aircraft tender.

On right—

INTERNATIONAL CO-OPERATION : Members of the crew of the American vessel *Valcour* are seen fighting the flames on board the Italian tanker. The *Argea Prima* had come into collision with the Dutch tanker *Tabian*, which also caught fire, and which had to be towed into Bahrein. The *Valcour* is the flagship of Rear-Admiral Allen Smith, Jr., Commander of the United States Middle East Naval Force.



THE FREE TRADE UNIONS OF THE WORLD MEET : The Austrian President, Dr. Theodor Körner, addressing the Fourth Congress of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions which had assembled in the Konzerthaus in Vienna. At his side is the President of the Confederation, Mr. Omer Becu, of Belgium. Mr. Oldenbroek, the Confederation's General Secretary, told the Congress that the Confederation would continue to have nothing to do with the Communist-dominated World Federation of Trade Unions. It was claimed that 108 trade union organisations in seventy-seven countries, with a membership of 54,500,000, belonged to the Confederation. Forty-eight countries were represented at the Vienna Congress.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS . . . TO SOOTHE TRADE UNIONISTS : The delegates to the Vienna Congress of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions listen to a performance by the Vienna Symphony Orchestra of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the Choral, in the Vienna Konzerthaus.

THOMAS MANN IS HONOURED BY HIS BIRTHPLACE : The great novelist and his wife Katja at the ceremonies at Lübeck Town Hall, when Dr. Mann was made an honorary Freeman of the 700-year-old town where he was born. He celebrates his eightieth birthday next week, and this year also celebrates his golden wedding anniversary. Thomas Mann, whose great novel *Buddenbrooks* was first published in 1901, was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1929 after the publication of *Der Zauberberg* (*The Magic Mountain*). *Buddenbrooks* portrayed, in not very flattering terms, life in Lübeck at the turn of the century, but the Burgomaster, Herr Passorge, told Dr. Mann of the town's pride in its connection with the novel. Dr. Mann left Germany in 1933 and went to the United States, where he lived until recently, and where he became an American citizen. He is now living in Switzerland.

ASCARI CRASHES INTO THE SEA DURING HIS LAST GRAND PRIX : A column of water shoots up as Alberto Ascari, the great Italian racing driver, crashed into the harbour at Monte Carlo while in the lead in his Lancia in the European Grand Prix. The race was won by Trintignant, in a Ferrari. Ascari was picked out of the water unhurt. Four days later, while on a practice drive at Monza, his car overturned and he was killed. He was thirty-six. Ascari had become one of the great idols of post-war motor-racing tracks, and was world champion in 1952 and 1953, when he was driving for Ferrari. He will perhaps be best remembered for the amazing way in which he could join the leaders when starting from the back of the grid, and for his skilful driving in adverse conditions.

THE UNRESTRAINED VIOLENCE OF NATURE IN THE EASTERN PACIFIC : The volcanic eruption of Mont Kilauea, on the eastern tip of Hawaii, as seen by day and by night. *On left*—Smoke and fumes pour out of the volcano. *On right*—Lava shooting high into the air after it has left the cone of the volcano. The mountain had been erupting intermittently for more than three months, and in a new burst of fury it threw lava 100 ft. into the air, which then rumbled down the mountainside at a rate of 500 ft. an hour.

THE RED CARPET IS OUT FOR THE VISITORS FROM MOSCOW : President Tito salutes the flag as he escorts the Russian delegation, led by Mr. Khrushchev, from Zemun Airport, Belgrade. For the first time since Yugoslavia was expelled from the Cominform in 1948, the Soviet national anthem was heard in the Yugoslav capital as the visitors arrived.

THE RUSSIANS IN BELGRADE

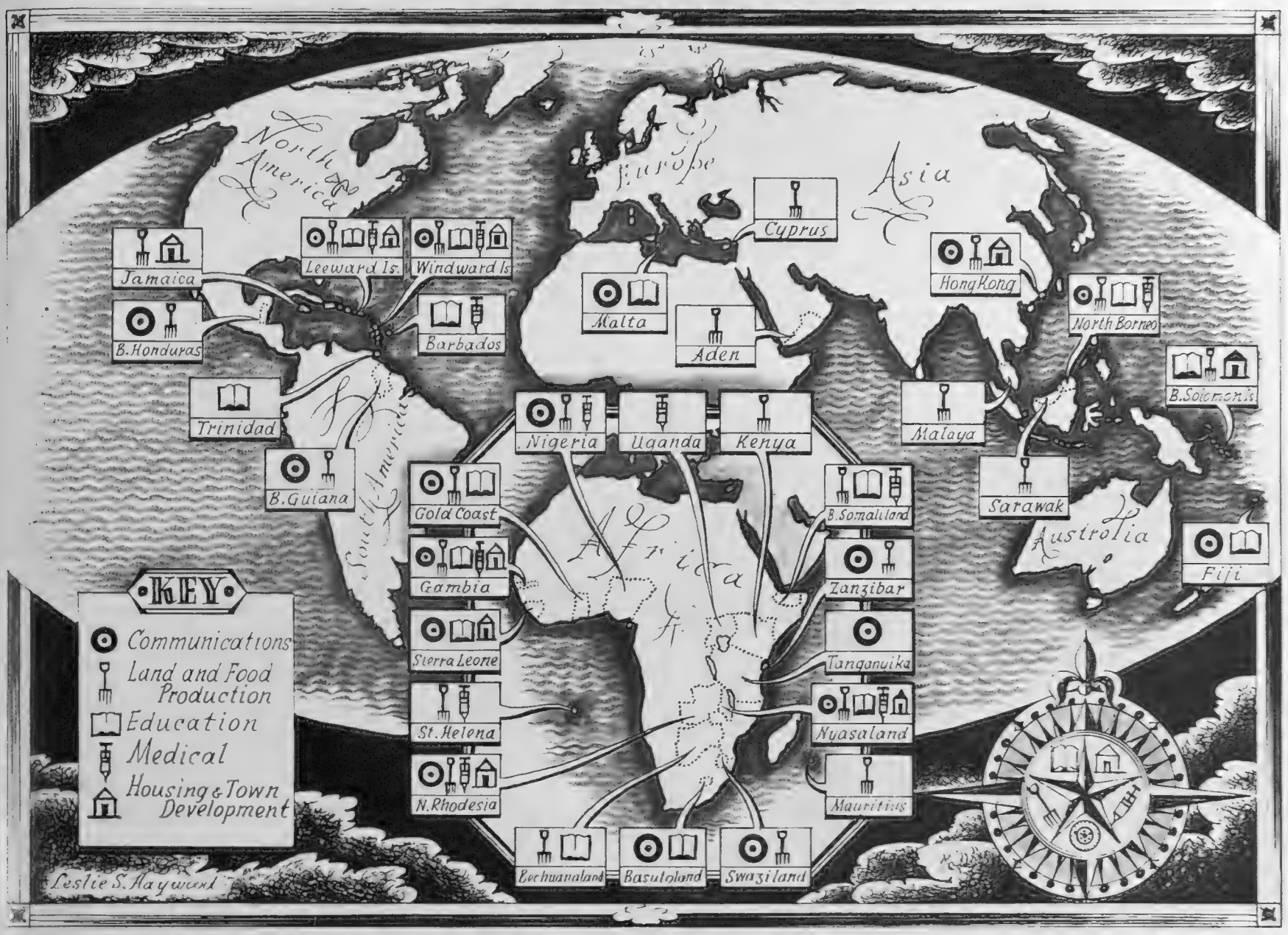
Mr. Khrushchev Apologised for Past Insults to Yugoslavia when He Led the Soviet Delegation in Belgrade for Talks with President Tito

Whatever may be the deep-rooted reasons behind the Russian mission to Belgrade, there can be little doubt that the visit represents a great personal triumph for President Tito. The comparison with Canossa is obvious. Seven years ago, when Yugoslavia broke from the Stalinist yoke and was expelled from the Cominform, no vilification was too great for the renegades and especially for the country's leader. To-day Mr. Khrushchev comes in apologetic mood "sincerely regretting" the affair; the admitted insults were, of course, the fault of "enemy of the people, Beria"! Marshal Tito is reported to have received these abject confessions with becoming modesty. It would be unwise for him to disregard the embarrassments which the Russian mission may cause him. He has never ceased to affirm that his country is still a Communist State, but a State determined to be independent of the Soviet Union. Marshal Tito realises that too much bonhomie with Mr. Khrushchev and the Soviet leaders will arouse unwanted suspicions in Western minds. For without the tacit support of the West, which Yugoslavia has been enjoying since 1948, the country cannot hope to remain effectively outside the sphere of Soviet influence. Mr. Khrushchev's visit may turn out to be only the first pull in a prolonged tug-of-war.

PRESIDENT TITO IN HIS HOUR OF TRIUMPH : Marshal Bulganin, the Soviet Premier, is greeted by Marshal Tito on his arrival at the airport. Looking on is Mr. Khrushchev. After the vilification he had to endure after Yugoslavia had broken with Russia, President Tito could allow himself a smile of triumph as the Russians came to Belgrade to renew their friendship and to apologise for past insults.

MARSHAL BULGANIN WALKS BEHIND : The Soviet Premier is behind Mr. Khrushchev, First Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party, who led the Russian delegation to Belgrade. This is the first international occasion on which the precedence of the Party Secretary over the Prime Minister has been openly acknowledged.

A NEW TREND IN RELATIONS WITH COMMUNIST CHINA : President Tito drinks a toast to Mr. Wu Hsiu, the new Chinese Ambassador to Yugoslavia, in the White Palace at Belgrade. The visit of the Russian delegation to Belgrade has led to a sudden renewal of cordial diplomatic activity between Yugoslavia and the Iron Curtain countries.



COLONIAL DEVELOPMENT AND WELFARE SCHEMES ARE OPERATED THE WORLD OVER: This map shows the areas in which the chief schemes were operated last year, or for which money has already been apportioned. Up to 1954, £110,879,335 had been spent on development and welfare schemes, as well as on administration, surveys and training schemes. A further £12,401,606 has been spent on research schemes. £80,000,000 has been allotted for additional expenditure between now and 1960. It is estimated that the present development plans will cost £526,000,000, of which the Colonial Governments themselves hope to provide £350,000,000.

COLONIAL DEVELOPMENT AND WELFARE—AN ACT OF FAITH

£200,000,000 are Being Spent by Britain to Raise the Standards of Living in the Colonies

By C. J. M. ALPORT, M.P.

COLONIAL Development and Welfare has been from the beginning an act of faith in the future of the British Colonial Empire.

On May 21, 1940, two days after Sir Winston Churchill made his first broadcast as Prime Minister, and announced that the German Panzers were surging triumphantly across France, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald moved the Second Reading of a Colonial Development and Welfare Bill in the House of Commons. His closing words on that occasion are worth recording. . . . "This is not a time," he said, "for boasting. It is a time for that quiet inner confidence that, in the struggle which now faces us, we shall prevail . . . and that in the days of peace, which our exertions shall regain for us, it is our destiny to complete the great work for our Colonial peoples to which we put our hand long ago."

These were brave words to use at a moment of supreme crisis for the Commonwealth. Yet the faith which inspired them has since been amply justified.

The Act of 1940 provided up to £5,000,000 a year for ten years to be used for development and welfare in the non-self-governing territories. In addition, £500,000 annually was voted for research. The Act also cancelled £10,000,000 worth of outstanding Colonial loans, and thus multiplied by nearly ten times the amount of public money spent in the Colonies under the original Act of 1929.

It had become clear by 1945, however, that these sums were no longer adequate to meet the needs of the Colonies in the post-war era. Money values had changed: the war itself had stimulated new demands for higher standards of living: all parties in the United Kingdom were alive to the added responsibilities which Britain bore for accelerating the rate of progress in under-developed areas. A new Act was introduced by the Labour Government in 1945 and was largely an "agreed" measure. It was, at any rate in part, Britain's thank-offering for the loyal support which had been given by the peoples of her Colonial territories. Under this Act £120,000,000 (increased to £140,000,000 in 1950) was earmarked for Colonial Development and Welfare for the ten years ending 1956. Of this huge sum a maximum of £17,500,000 (later £25,000,000) was made available to be spent in any one year and £1,000,000 was allocated to research.

During the years immediately following the war shortages of capital goods and of qualified technicians prevented the C. D. and W. fund from being fully effective. But as the rate of expenditure increased after 1950, it became obvious that the contribution made by the United Kingdom to Colonial progress must be increased once more. The sum provided by the 1945 Act, though substantial, amounted to only £2 per head for the total population of the Colonial Empire. Further, a period of ten years did not give enough time for all Colonial economies to expand sufficiently in order to meet the recurrent expenditure which the maintenance of capital schemes financed under C. D. and W. required.

There was never any doubt, therefore, that when the period of operation of the 1945 Act came to an end, a new measure would be needed to replace it. Thus, in February last Mr. Lennox-Boyd, the Colonial Secretary, introduced a Bill designed to extend the existing Colonial Development and Welfare Act for a further five years until March 31, 1960, and allocated for this period an additional £80,000,000.

Critics of British Colonial policy forget that enormous sums have been granted or loaned free of interest by Great Britain to her overseas territories during the last generation. Between 1920 and 1954 actual spending totalled £530,000,000. Of this, £120,000,000 came from C. D. and W., and with the new Act a further £120,000,000 will be added by 1960. In addition, a vast amount of money has been provided by private investment, which, while undoubtedly adding to the wealth of the United Kingdom, has also made a decisive contribution to raising the standards of living of Colonial peoples as a whole.

COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT AND SOCIAL WELFARE: The Tononoka African Social Centre in the Kenya port of Mombasa was built largely from C. D. and W. funds. Among the amenities which the impressive building supplies is dancing on Saturday nights.

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COMMUNICATIONS : The Princess Elizabeth Highway outside Nairobi, which forms part of Kenya's Great North Trunk Road. Colonial Development and Welfare funds contributed to many communications projects in their construction and maintenance.

EDUCATION : Students relax on the lawn in front of the main building at the Siriba Training Centre. This school for teachers, at Nyanga, Kenya, is one of many aided by C. D. and W., which aim at securing more African teachers to improve education.

MEDICAL : The main block of Nairobi's King George VI Hospital for Africans. It is considered to be one of the six best in the whole of Africa. The main block alone cost £370,000, and the complete hospital scheme will involve an expenditure of over £825,000.

AN ACT OF FAITH

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The prime object of C. D. and W. is to give the Governments of our Colonial territories a flying start in the race to catch up with Europe and America in providing their peoples with the material advantages of modern civilisation. Throughout the nineteenth century successive British Governments believed that the progress of each Colony must be governed by its capacity to raise revenue from its own resources and to attract capital from private people in Britain and elsewhere.

The nineteenth-century theory of self-sufficiency bore particularly harshly on Colonies with limited natural resources. While a great industry like the copper mines in Northern Rhodesia might produce relatively large revenues to pay for good hospitals, roads and schools, Nyasaland, next door, was dependent largely upon native subsistence agriculture. Thus, in 1952 Northern Rhodesia, with a population of 1,930,000, had a revenue of £23,000,000. Nyasaland, on the other hand, with a population of nearly 2,500,000, relied upon the totally inadequate budget of £3,876,000. C. D. and W. cannot, and is not intended to, level up such dramatic differences. It can, however, provide for Colonies like Nyasaland a better chance of overcoming by their own efforts some of the disadvantages, which the lack of natural resources produces. It can, at the same time, finance schemes of social welfare to enable Colonial populations to start enjoying the amenities of civilisation, which otherwise might be denied to them indefinitely.

Most of the money expended under C. D. and W. so far has been devoted to five main fields. Up to March 31, 1954, £7,000,000 had been allocated to survey and census work; £19,000,000 to road, rail and air communications; £24,000,000 to economic development; £53,000,000 to social welfare, and £2,600,000 to training schemes for the Colonial Service.

Within these five classes of expenditure are sums ranging from £30 for a film projector for a colony in the West Indies, to £871,000 needed for the realignment of the Accra-Takoradi road in the Gold Coast. Through it Colonial students have been helped financially in their studies in the United Kingdom and elsewhere. Improvements have been made to the Mental Hospital, Berbera (British Somaliland), and to teaching facilities for African doctors at Mulago Hospital (Uganda). A mobile bookshop has been started in Nyasaland. An experimental deep bore-hole has been drilled for the Bathurst Water Supply in Gambia.

In Nigeria, £162,030 has been spent on leprosy control. Surveys and cultivation trials have been carried out in the new rice-growing areas of Sierra Leone at the cost of £94,500. A pier has been constructed at Ping Chau Island, Hong Kong. North Borneo now has the services of a statistician and British Guiana of a soil scientist. A girls' school has been built in Fiji. Slum clearance has been undertaken at New Town, in the island of St. Kitts-Nevis, and new equipment has been provided for the fire services in Dominica. The Sultan of Zanzibar's grandson has been trained as an honorary midshipman in the Royal Navy.

A GREAT UNIVERSITY PROJECT IN NIGERIA : The Library at University College, Ibadan, which has been jointly built from C. D. and W. and Nigerian Government funds. Nigeria's new university has been allotted £1,700,000 by the Colonial Office. Other university grants, totalling a further £6,050,000, have been made to Malta, Hong Kong, Malaya, the West Indies, the Gold Coast, East Africa (Makerere), and Rhodesia and Nyasaland (Salisbury).

These are only a handful of over 400 schemes approved by the Secretary of State during the financial year 1953-54, but they indicate the immense scope and variety of the work of C. D. and W. and the intimate part which it plays in the efficient administration of Colonial areas throughout the world.

No one supposes that the expenditure of an average of £12,000,000 annually on a population of 60,000,000 even over a period of twenty years can make good the back-log of poverty and ignorance from which most Colonial territories have always suffered. Nor is the United Kingdom's contribution through C. D. and W. intended to meet more than part of the cost of the development regarded by Colonial Governments as essential. Immediately after the passing of the 1945 Act, the Colonial Secretary invited the various administrators to draw up development plans covering the ensuing ten years, and designed " to achieve steady and sustained progress towards the great goal of raising standards of living and the well-being of their peoples." Governments were expected to make the maximum use of their own resources by raising local loans or by increased taxation.

They were encouraged to be ambitious, because years of struggle to satisfy the mounting demands of their peoples with totally inadequate funds had developed in the minds of many Colonial administrators a tendency to under-estimate the scale of the schemes which could be carried out and which were essential if real progress was to be achieved.

Details of these plans varied widely with the differing needs of each Colony. Although the C. D. and W. contribution was weighted appreciably in favour of the

AGRICULTURE: An African farm-worker drives a tractor in Nigeria. A considerable proportion of C. D. and W. funds is devoted to agriculture, and especially to stimulating the use of machinery.

INDUSTRY: A cotton-weaver in Northern Nigeria using locally-grown yarn. Textile development schemes in the country are partly financed by the Colonial Office, partly by the Nigerian Government.

HOUSING: The creepers on the walls decorate the attractive setting for African houses at Ziwani, Nairobi. This is part of the African housing schemes initiated by the Kenya Government Central Housing Board, who received a loan of £2,000,000 for re-lending to municipal authorities.

COLONIAL DEVELOPMENT AND WELFARE FUNDS CONTRIBUTE TO AN EDUCATIONAL ENTERPRISE IN KENYA: A view of one of the main buildings of the Muslim Institute, Mombasa, from the balcony of a teacher's flat. C. D. and W. funds made a grant of £200,000 towards maintaining this East African college, which lays an emphasis in its curriculum on technical training.

TEACHERS TRAINING IN NORTH BORNEO: Mr. John Alman, the Principal of the Kent Teachers' Training College at Tuaran, near Jesselton, inspects new seedlings planted by a student in the school's nursery. The two-year course will enable students to teach at primary schools.

poorer territories, consideration was given to the ability of each Colony to meet the recurrent expenditure which new capital investment for economic or social purposes necessarily created.

Of the total of £526,000,000 from all sources invested in development and welfare in the Colonial Empire up to the beginning of 1955, £206,000,000 had been provided locally. The contribution from individual Colonies varied from £55,400,000 allocated by the Gold Coast, to the tiny sum of £12,000 provided by Montserrat, in the Leeward Islands. Thus, it is essentially a co-operative effort in which the peoples of Great Britain and of the Colonies alike play a part, and which is in no sense merely a subsidy from the British taxpayer or conscience money intended to make good the alleged exploitation of which we are so often accused.

C. D. and W., in some form or other, will be a feature of British Colonial policy for a long time to come. It is easy to vote money in Parliament; it is far more difficult to ensure that the millions voted are intelligently spent. The provision of lavish social services, which would eventually be beyond the capacity of some Colony to maintain, does more harm than good. Unless qualified technical advice is available with a knowledge of local conditions to plan each scheme and to supervise its construction, large sums of money may be wasted. Without efficient management in the latter stages a promising economic or social project can quickly become a millstone round the neck of the overseas taxpayer.

There is a danger that public opinion in the Colonies may come to regard C. D. and W. as a right, and may bitterly resent any attempt by the United Kingdom to alter its scale or character. Instead of producing lasting benefits, there is always the risk that it may merely create false hopes of higher standards of living which cannot permanently be maintained, and the failure of which will produce bitter disillusion.

But all these are relatively minor problems. They will become less, not greater, with the passing of time. Through C. D. and W. the British people are enabled to play their part in providing better opportunities for a fuller life for our Colonial fellow-subjects, and thus, in Mr. MacDonald's words, in completing the great work for our Colonial peoples to which we put our hand long ago. Without the economic and social advances which C. D. and W. makes possible, political self-government becomes a mere illusion. Unless those advances are accelerated through C. D. and W., anti-Colonialism and Communism will quickly corrode the basic conditions of law and order, which alone make economic advances possible.

Although the old phrase " the White Man's burden " is out of date and ridiculed, C. D. and W. is part of the great tradition of service which Britain has sustained through many generations and in all parts of the world.

THE SHOW THAT BEAT THE WEATHER

This Year's Chelsea Flower Show was up to the Highest Standards of this London Event Despite the Cold Weeks which Preceded it

ONE OF THE FEW ROCK GARDENS AT THIS YEAR'S CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW : The large number of visitors at the Show on the first day admire the garden. A feature at Chelsea this year was the trend towards simpler gardens, though, like the blooms displayed, they were in every way up to the highest standards. Despite the cold May weeks, exhibitors presented their flowers and plants in beautiful condition when the Show opened in the first warm spell of the month.

ROYAL VISITORS : The Queen with King Gustav of Sweden and Mr. David Bowes-Lyon, centre. Also at the Show were Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Queen Louise of Sweden.

A GORGEOUS DISPLAY OF RHODODENDRONS : A close-up of the "Cynthia" rhododendron, rosy crimson in colour. Two gold medals were awarded for the rhododendrons at the Show.

AMONG THE BEGONIAS : It was noted by Mr. David Bowes-Lyon, President of the Royal Horticultural Society, that this year's Flower Show displayed a greater variety than ever before.

THE FORMAL GARDEN THAT WAS AWARDED A GOLD MEDAL : The garden designed by Winkfield Manor Nurseries, of Ascot, Berkshire. This path leads from the terrace up to a raised grass recess, where the shrubs and flowers provide the setting for the sculpture. A gold medal was awarded for this garden.

THE GENTLE SIMPLICITY OF A SHOW GARDEN : Tall trees in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, provide the setting for this garden and summer-house, built to the design of Mr. Percy S. Cane.

A PRIZE-WINNING ROCK GARDEN : A series of gentle waterfalls runs through the rock garden designed by George G. Whitelegg, of Knockholt, Kent. Apart from British shrubs, flowers and gardens, there were also many exhibits from abroad.

MAY-TIME IN CHELSEA : The Chelsea Hospital's trees look at their best for this formal garden and the summer-house, with its stone roof. The garden's designers, Messrs. Ralph Hancock and Son, were awarded a gold medal for this charming exhibit.

A BEWILDERING PROFUSION OF COLOUR IN A MARQUEE : An exciting variety of flowers at the stand of Sutton and Sons, of Reading. This firm was awarded a gold medal for its fine display of annual and greenhouse flowers from seed.

IN PERFECT CONDITION DESPITE THE COLD WEATHER : A display of horticultural skill at the stand of Messrs. Carters Tested Seeds, Ltd., of Raynes Park. They were awarded a gold medal for florists' flowers and sweet peas.

A PEACEFUL CORNER AT THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW : The rock garden in Purbeck limestone, exhibited by Atkinson Plants and Company. There were a large number of new and rare plants at the Show this year, including a pink rose, "Queen Elizabeth," and two new tulips.

SCOTTISH PAGEANTRY

In Edinburgh the Scottish Peers Elect their Representatives to Westminster; and the Church Holds its General Assembly

In the Scottish capital last week two important ceremonies were attended by some of the most prominent people in the country. First, a few days before the General Election peers of the Peerage of Scotland met at the Parliament Hall, in Edinburgh, to elect sixteen of their number to sit as Representative Peers in the new Parliament. About 600 people attended the ceremony as well as the Lord Provost and magistrates. Some of the peers included their own names in the sixteen of their choice; four received the support of all the fifty-four peers who cast their votes. Later in the week more than 1,500 ministers and elders of the Church of Scotland attended the General Assembly presided over by the Duke of Hamilton, who, as Lord High Commissioner, represented the Queen. The proceedings began with a service at St. Giles' Cathedral and then the Duke took his seat in the Throne Gallery of the Assembly Hall for the deliberations.

THE ELECTION OF SIXTEEN REPRESENTATIVE PEERS OF SCOTLAND TO SIT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN THE NEW PARLIAMENT: A general view in Parliament Hall, Edinburgh, during the election, which was attended by about 600 people. Thirty-one Peers of Scotland attended the ceremony in person, twenty-two voted by signed list and one voted by proxy. This was the first time that the election had taken place in Edinburgh's Parliament Hall. Usually it is held in the Palace of Holyroodhouse.

On left—
THE LORD CLERK REGISTER ADDRESSES THE PEERS: Lord Elphinstone (standing at the table on right) asks the peers to put in writing the names of those for whom they are voting.

NEARING THE END OF THE PROCEEDINGS: Lord Elphinstone signs the roll of elected peers. Fourteen of those elected were Representative Peers in the old Parliament.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND: visitors at the opening ceremony in Edinburgh included the Bishop of Durham (right), the Anglican representative in the Anglo-Scottish Church talks; the Marquess of Salisbury, and the American evangelist Dr. Billy Graham. The American Ambassador was also present.

On left—
TRADITIONAL CEREMONY AT THE ASSEMBLY HALL: The mace-bearer, preceded by the Lord Lyon King-of-Arms, Sir Thomas Innes, leads the Lord High Commissioner, the Duke of Hamilton, and other officials and visitors, from the Assembly Hall after the opening ceremony. One of the first acts of the day was the service at St. Giles' Cathedral.

On right—
THE RETIRING MODERATOR MEETS HIS SUCCESSOR: The Right Rev. E. D. Jarvis (left) is seen with the new Moderator, the Right Rev. Professor G. D. Henderson.

KING'S FROM A ROOF-TOP: From a point high above King's Parade, the artist sees the graceful and soaring lines of King's College Chapel, which dominates so much of the Cambridge scene. It is generally regarded as the finest example of Perpendicular architecture in England. On the left is James Gibb's eighteenth-century Fellows' Building and in the right background is the Senate House.

THE GLORIES OF CAMBRIDGE

A Selection from "Cambridge and Its Colleges," the Exhibition Now Open in London of New Drawings

By DENNIS FLANDERS

The poet Wordsworth's famous lines on King's College Chapel,

"They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build . . ."

can be applied more widely to all the glories of Cambridge University. Certainly the spirit of the immortality which pervades the magnificence of its varied buildings has been captured by Mr. Dennis Flanders in his exhibition, "Cambridge and Its Colleges," which opened in London this week. It is at the gallery of Messrs. Coombs and Percival, in Albemarle Street, and some of Mr. Flanders' drawings which can be seen there until July 14 are reproduced on this and the following pages.

In its foundation Cambridge is some half a century younger than Oxford, but whereas the latter city in the last fifty years has become an industrial centre as well as being the seat of the University, the setting of Cambridge has been far less touched by the hand of the twentieth century. The hub of the city may be taken as the market-place, under the University Church. There on a market day old-fashioned stalls are crowded in a scene which would still not be unfamiliar to Tennyson or even Wordsworth. And around rise the rich lines of the colleges, themselves poems in architecture.

King's College Chapel is deservedly held to be the greatest of Cambridge's glories. The soaring Perpendicular arches and buttresses are rivalled only by Eton College Chapel, which was also inspired by King Henry VI, and between the college and the school there has always been a close connection. From the college chapel one expects to hear—and, in fact, usually does—the sound of organ music, preferably Bach.

King's Chapel seems to dominate the scene, rising above the other grey buildings as one looks up from some narrow, twisting street. Everywhere there is an air of unhurried repose, and in the colleges, of which Peterhouse is the oldest in foundation and Trinity the largest, one will find the best of a wide range of architecture, from medieval to Inigo Jones, Sir Christopher Wren and the eighteenth century's James Gibb.

Then there are The Backs, certainly unique to Cambridge and without parallel anywhere else in the world. The narrow stream of the Cam meanders past college walls rising sheer or trees weeping to the waters at the edge of the broad expanse of a green lawn in some college gardens. Sometimes The Backs are crossed by quaint bridges, such as the Bridge of Sighs at St. John's or the wooden bridge at Queens'. Often there are stretches crowded with punts or with people sitting and lying on the banks. But there are also parts which seem always to be ideal for solitary meditation. It is this quietness which is one of Cambridge's greatest charms.

On left—

TRINITY LANE: It is an austerely academic scene. The gate of the Old Schools, on the left, was once the entrance to King's College, the Chapel of which is in the background. The vast windows contain the world-famous collection of stained glass, executed by Barnard Flower, the "King's glazier," and others between 1515 and 1531. On the right of Trinity Lane is the Chapel of Clare College.

THE QUIET BEAUTY OF THE BACKS : Beech trees hang over the stream and the tall buildings of St. John's College rise straight from the water. The "Bridge of Sighs," in the background, bears little resemblance to its Venetian counterpart. This picture is included in Mr. Flanders' current exhibition of drawings in London.

THE WOODEN BRIDGE AT QUEENS' : It runs over the Cam from the College buildings to the gardens. The artist writes that though it may look an easy subject, the mathematical precision of its construction makes it very difficult to draw.

THE GLORIES OF CAMBRIDGE

(Continued)

THE WREN LIBRARY AT TRINITY : It is one of the architectural treasures which lie on the river bank at Cambridge. Wren designed it at the end of the 17th century.

THE SECOND OLDEST COLLEGE OF CAMBRIDGE : Clare was founded in 1326 and is predated only by Peterhouse (1281). This makes Cambridge the junior University to Oxford, which was established at least by 1250. The buildings of Clare College seen here date from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Certain traditions ascribe their design to Inigo Jones. They have the grace and symmetry of a palace and seem to present the ideal scene of academic life. Behind, on the right, is seen the Chapel of King's College.

On left—

A UNIQUE FEATURE OF CAMBRIDGE : The Backs, with the Cam running behind many of the Colleges, are something peculiar to Cambridge and have no parallel in Britain. It seems often as if they are the feature which unites a vast scheme of landscape gardening. Here King's Bridge is in the centre and behind are the buildings of Clare College and the tower of St. John's.

THE COLLEGE WHICH INSPIRED LEARNING IN AMERICA: The cloisters in this quadrangle of Emmanuel College are another of Wren's contributions to Cambridge. They were designed in 1666. But the College had been founded nearly eighty years earlier. One of its sons was John Harvard, who emigrated to America and earned an immortal name for his part in the founding of the senior University of the United States in 1636. Emmanuel has many other associations with the United States.

MARKET DAY IN CAMBRIDGE: The market is held in the centre of the city beneath the fine perpendicular lines of the University Church, Great St. Mary's. Many of the colleges are close by, and the visitor has the feeling of being in a setting which has changed little with the centuries, despite the presence of a radio industry near by. This, perhaps, is the one feature which most distinguishes Cambridge from Oxford, which is now too much an industrial as well as an academic city.

THERE'S A LOT TO BE SAID FOR TRINITY

Some Thoughts on Trinity College, Oxford, as it Celebrates its Quatercentenary

By JOHN GORE

MEMORIES, MOSTLY TRIVIAL, OF A COLLEGE.—This year will be celebrated in various ways, convivial and otherwise, the quatercentenary of Trinity College, Oxford. Through the front quadrangle, which lies open to Broad Street, the visitor to Oxford sees the late seventeenth-century chapel, in classic style, with its symbolic figures on the tower, lovely when clad in the russet foliage of its creeper in autumn. On the right is the President's outwardly adequate lodging, the two buildings flanked by the Balliol party-wall and by the "new" buildings, now moderately antique. Behind the chapel lie the small and larger quadrangles, incorporating much older building. To the east is the large and austere garden, with its charming avenue (a social resort of the courtiers when Charles I held his court at Oxford in the Civil War), and its iron gates on Parks Road, the library and its rose garden.

The snug garden of St. John's lies behind the north wall of the garden, and the new Bodleian building now dominates the whole. Inside the chapel, famous for its Grinling Gibbons carving, is the tomb of the founder for whom the alumni continue to pray: "Sir Thomas Pope, Knight, our founder and the Lady Elizabeth, his wife, deceased." Thomas Pope was born in the first decade of the sixteenth century and died four years after his college's foundation.

He was an Oxfordshire man, for his family migrated to Banbury from Kent in about the year 1400. He was educated there and at Eton, and became an official of the Court of Chancery, earning the favour of Lord Chancellor Audley. He became a friend of Sir Thomas More, to whom he carried the news of his death sentence.

He held many important posts in the Star Chamber and the Court of Chancery, and became Warden of the Mint and a Privy Councillor. He played some official part in the Suppression of the Monasteries and did very well out of it for himself, for most of his landed property in various counties was formerly Church land.

He had much to do in co-operation with Lord North, whose property and family are closely linked with Trinity, and was trusted by Queens Mary and Elizabeth. He became a very rich man and towards the end of his life resolved to devote some of his wealth to a semi-religious foundation.

The Foundation. — To that end, and to make retribution, he decided to found a college at Oxford. He bought the buildings and site of the thirteenth-century Oxford house of the Abbey of Durham and began to erect (or convert) appropriate buildings. Never very zealous for the Reformation, Pope was thus enabled to undo in part the surrender of the monasteries, Durham having been surrendered in 1540. He died, long before the completion of the building scheme, at Clerkenwell and had a magnificent funeral at Walthamstow, planned by himself. His remains, and those of his second wife, were later transferred to the old chapel and over them his widow placed an elaborate monument with effigies of Pope and herself. It is still in the "new" chapel.

The "Lady Elizabeth" for whom we pray was his third wife, a Blount, and she died as Lady Paulet. He had married and divorced another Elizabeth and had survived Margaret Townsend. His last home, Tittenhanger, in Hertfordshire, remained for centuries in possession of his kin. The new foundation grew to completion with his widow's help and in the new college (which had missed the massacre of St. Scolastica's Day by exactly 200 years) the Scholars soon began to outnumber the Fellows. . . .

In the writer's day as an undergraduate it was a college of the middle size and soon after began to derive benefit, at any rate in sporting achievements (Rugby and rowing in particular), from the influx of Rhodes scholars. I don't recollect that, in general, stimulus to learning was very powerful in my day. I suppose that all senior common rooms were, and perhaps still are, breeding-grounds of character or, at any rate, of "characters," and Trinity in the first decade of this century had more than its fair share of "characters."

College Characters.—There was, for example, Robinson Ellis, the famous Latinist, born in Reform Bill times, an authority on Catullus and Ovid. By nature a recluse, he had long become a mere legend in my day and was a victim and creator of anecdote. His trousers and his asides and his addiction to classical bawdy made him famous beyond his college and university, but I can only recall him as a ghost who had robbed a scarecrow. Such another "shy shade of a rural dean" was "Creeper" Green (or was he Greene ?), of whose eminence in the world of scholarship I am ashamed to say I know very little. He was well nicknamed. He *crept* occasionally through the quadrangles, a visitor from a dead age, and his subfusc garments bore a peculiar shade of green, the green of old moss on a decayed tree-trunk. His beard was of unusual shape and we used to wonder whether he kept it inside or outside the bedclothes when he slept. In his rare appearances, flitting through the college, he was never seen to speak to anyone. Indeed, he was the nearest thing to a ghost on which I ever clapped eyes. Nor in our day was he known ever to have taught anyone anything.

And then there was Mr. Raper, as famous in London as in Trinity, a guardian of aristocracy and the Malvern Hills. He was a famous host of undergraduates of promise or social eminence, and his rooms overlooking the garden quad were filled to bursting with his wide and erratic range of collector's pieces, from mummies and coffins and other dusty junk to smaller *objets de vertu*. He was elastic in the company of the young, in the manner of Johnson, and, with his wide range of acquaintances, very successful in "placing" his favourites in suitable employment. Indeed, he was a pioneer of the Oxford Appointments Board. I attended his lectures on Homer, usually punctuated with Homeric laughter, but in memory I carry away from them only his well-worn chuckle-raiser: "'Rosy-fingered dawn,' gentlemen; perhaps we may freely translate 'The Pink-un.'" Another favourite of his was a note from High table, during exchanges of bread pills between the common run of us and the VIII in training at their special table: "Cast not thy bread upon the water-men." Bob Raper was certainly a character and perhaps a skilled professor in the university of the world.

The then Dean, Blakiston, later President and historian-biographer of Trinity and Trinity men, was a character too. Something of an old maid in appearance, with a sharp edge to his tongue and a certain pungency of expression, he was a very shrewd administrator in matters affecting the University and very human in his obvious delight in his contacts with persons of eminence.

Growing-up Slowly.—Clever young men perhaps derived scholastic advantage from some or all of these teachers in my day. Myself, I confess that I wasted my time at Trinity, at any rate in the pursuit of book-knowledge, and so gained in that respect nothing whatever from them. The historian Freeman and Bishop Stubbs of Oxford were among its more famous fellows, and in 1875 a still greater Bishop of Oxford, Charles Gore, was elected a Fellow and remained in residence for a year or two before moving on to Cuddesdon and Pusey House.

Of the commoners, perhaps John Henry Newman is the best-known; A. E. W. Mason, a remembered author in a lighter vein; George Butterworth might have risen high in the world of music but died very young. In my own day I do not recall that we were very strenuous for learning. Rugby boys supplied a certain element of earnestness, and Marlborough boys gave us pre-eminence at hockey. It was not a rich man's college. Our polo was played on bicycles, supplied and often repaired by that remarkable young man now Lord Nuffield, and those who hunted did so on hirelings from Drage's, and only occasionally. We wasted a great deal of our time playing poker and roulette, but we seldom, if ever, recruited the Bullingdon or the Loder Clubs. We were better suited to Vincent's and the Grid. We coloured meerschaum-pipes, indulged in heavy Sunday luncheons washed down by our famous mulled claret, though heavy drinking had gone out of fashion; and generally, like the young fools we were, we continued to lose and neglect the fleeting hours of time. My own allowance was £230 a year, rather less than the average among my friends, and, with some remarkable and sustained good luck at poker, it was just enough to send me away without debts.

We had, of course, our men of genius, though I do not know that we appreciated them—James Elroy Flecker, for example; and by and large I suppose we supplied our fair share of worthy men for the service of the State as proconsuls, Civil Servants, officers in the fighting services, in the law, literature, the arts, banking, and so on.

But in the Edwardian era, as Sir Lawrence Jones remarked in his *Victorian Boyhood*, "a boy could grow up as slowly as he pleased," and the same Peter Pan quality persisted in some of the Dons on the dais serene. Time stood still before the great eruptions came to give a sense of urgency to the clock-face on the chapel tower and to bring doubt, revolt, anxiety and disillusion to unfurnished, inexperienced minds and half-formed characters. In my time, certainly, few of our teachers encouraged us to quicken the pace.

But the £1,000 which my father spent to keep me at Trinity for four years was perhaps not all thrown down the drain. He was a good and loving father, and perhaps did not grudge, though he was never at Oxford himself, the good gifts his hard-earned money bought me, "the secret none can utter," several life-long friends.

THE LATE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY CHAPEL OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD: In his article John Gore describes the Chapel as being "in classic style, with its symbolic figures on the tower, lovely when clad in the russet foliage of its creeper in autumn." Some of the Chapel's carving is by Grinling Gibbons.

Gaudy Day Risks.—Nevertheless, among those happy memories, a few less pleasant sometimes rear their heads. I was never an old-school-tie boy, not much addicted to gaudy days and school or college dinners and societies. I have found it easier to retain the golden memories without joining these reunions; the sombre transformation of my contemporaries, even the more eminent, as they grow old and older, has done nothing to exorcise the more drab memories. Still as of old, the sound of Sunday bells at Oxford sharply brings back a sense of futility, frustration, doubt and even despair, which welled first perhaps from our famous mulled claret, albeit there are many forms of indigestion. There is definitely a *memento mori* about such school and college reunions. "That is Robinson—that was. I knew him well, Horatio." A good-looking, witty, joyous youth and very much my friend and companion when Edward VII reigned.

He has done pretty well in the world, too. His chest gleams with decorations, but was this the face that launched a thousand quips—this bald-headed, puffy-cheeked, pot-bellied old buffer, whose egotistic anecdotes and ghastly memories of our salad days distress me like a pain in the belly? It is, it certainly is; and to retain some illusions into old age, it is best to keep away from gaudy days and the sound of the bells. For indeed it is a *tolling* of the bells, and sometimes it is happier to turn down one more empty glass than to pledge in it the latest presentment of your boyhood's friend.

For always, there comes the fretting, only half-accepted, doubt. If this transformation has come to gay and slim and witty young Robinson in my eyes, is it possible that old Robinson sees some deterioration in me? I often feel as young, I encourage myself, that (deafness apart) I am as moderately easy a companion as in the days of Edward VII. But, in form and figure, has some change been wrought which makes the fifty-year-old memory-picture unidentifiable with the new?

I can't believe it; indeed, I have no means of proving it. My shaving-glass is my criterion. In it I see my face every day. Not a particularly pretty picture, but I assure myself it never changes. And unfortunately the glass frames no part of me below my collar. I only take comfort from the fact that one or two suits of clothes acquired on tick when I was up at Trinity, half a century ago, still fit me like a glove and are worn on occasions of ceremony.

There's a lot to be said for Trinity; more, far more, than I have set down. This petitioner will ever pray for "Sir Thomas Pope, Knight, our founder and the Lady Elizabeth, his wife, deceased"; and, indeed, plans (exceptionally) to mingle once more with the quatercentenary guests in the garden of memories this summer, hopeful of recognising his surviving contemporaries under the kindly and checkered shadows of the limes—and hopeful of being recognised by them.

AT THE MILE POST PHIL DRAKE IS LAST OF THE FIELD: The twenty-three runners approach the rise half a mile from the start. In the lead, from right, are Noble Chieftain (F. Barlow), True Cavalier (R. Fawdon), Dæmon (C. Smirke) and Cardington King (W. Nevett). Bringing up the rear, in white sleeves and cap, is F. Palmer on Phil Drake, whose magnificent finishing run, which began two furlongs from the winning-post, enabled him to win by 1½ lengths for Madame Suzy Volterra.

A FRENCH WIN IN THE DERBY

Phil Drake's Success at Epsom Fulfils At Last the Ambition of the Volterra Family

Six years ago, as M. Leon Volterra, the Parisian show business magnate, lay seriously ill, his horse Amour Drake was beaten in the Epsom Derby by Nimbus in a photo-finish. It must have been a bitter disappointment for the owner of a magnificent string of animals whom this most coveted of racing prizes had steadily eluded, and on the next day M. Volterra died. This year his widow, Madame Suzy Volterra, had the great satisfaction of leading in Phil Drake, the winner of the Derby, with jockey F. Palmer in the Volterra colours.

Phil Drake produced one of the most amazing finishing bursts ever seen in the race. He was lying last at the mile, and sixth from last at Tattenham Corner. But two furlongs from home Palmer took Phil Drake along the inside, passed the 100—1 Irish horse Panaslipper 50 yards from the post, and went on to win by 1½ lengths. The favourite, Acropolis, was a further three lengths away, third, and another 100—1 outsider, Cardington King, fourth.

The winner is the fourth French-trained Derby winner since the war. Phil Drake was saddled by F. Mathet, who trains at Chantilly. Palmer, the jockey, is French, but his father is an Englishman living in France.

IN EIGHTEENTH PLACE AT TATTENHAM CORNER: Phil Drake is seen right at the end of this section of the field as he rounds the famous bend, just half a mile from home. Leading at this stage is Cardington King from Noble Chieftain, Prætorian, National Anthem, True Cavalier, and Dæmon.

A PROUD OWNER LEADS IN THE WINNER: Madame Suzy Volterra with Phil Drake (F. Palmer up) after his win. Her late husband, M. Leon Volterra, bred two Derby winners but never owned one.

COMEDY IN MAYFAIR AND CAYENNE

"The Reluctant Debutante" at the Cambridge Theatre and "My Three Angels" at the Lyric

AN UNWANTED ESCORT FOR A RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE: John Merivale (right) faces the critical stares of the debutante's family in William Douglas Home's new comedy, *The Reluctant Debutante*, at the Cambridge Theatre. From left are Peter Myers, Anna Massey, Anna Steele, Ambrosine Phillpotts and Celia Johnson. Anna Massey (who is the daughter of Raymond Massey and Adrienne Allen) plays the debutante and Celia Johnson her anxious mother.

The Reluctant Debutante is an amusing story of a mother who is determined that her daughter shall be successfully launched. The daughter is less concerned. Suitable and unsuitable escorts are produced and the slight plot diverts on this perennial problem. Wilfrid Hyde White is the father, who treats the social dilemma with his usual urbane nonchalance.

A SLAP FOR A GUARDEE: Peter Myers as an eligible but unattractive Guards officer has his face slapped by Anna Massey before being formally introduced to her father (Wilfrid Hyde White).

ON APPROVAL: Anna Massey studies the reaction of her mother (Celia Johnson) to John Merivale. On left are Peter Myers, Anna Steele and Ambrosine Phillpotts. *The Reluctant Debutante* had its first night at the Cambridge Theatre on Tuesday of last week.

On right—
RONALD SHINER COOKS THE BOOKS: He plays one of the "angels" who assist the unsuccessful shopkeeper, Felix Dulay (Cyril Luckham; right), against the rapacious Gaston Lemare (Hugh Manning; left) in *My Three Angels*, at the Lyric Theatre.

THREE ANGELS AND A GIRL: Nigel Stock, Ronald Shiner and George Rose as three convict "angels," revive Elvi Hale, who has just heard that her lover has deserted her.

A TOAST FOR "MY THREE ANGELS": Elvi Hale drinks to the three helpful convicts, who have come to the little shop in Cayenne to repair the roof. They take it upon themselves to settle the financial problems of the shopkeeper and the sentimental troubles of his daughter. On left are the shopkeeper, Felix Dulay (Cyril Luckham), and his wife, Emilie (Jane Aird).

My Three Angels is Sam and Bella Spewack's adaptation of a French comedy, *Cuisine des Anges*, by Albert Husson. The scene is set in a ramshackle shop in Cayenne, where the manager is on the verge of bankruptcy and the daughter has lost her betrothed. There enter three convicts, ably led by Ronald Shiner, who make it their business to settle the family troubles. So neatly is the play contrived that two deaths occur without disturbing the comedy. The play is produced by Wallace Douglas and has an effective set by Rolf Gerard.

A NEW ANTI-AIRCRAFT FRIGATE

Princess Marie Louise Names H.M.S. "Leopard" at Portsmouth Dockyard

Last week Princess Marie Louise named H.M.S. *Leopard* at the Royal Naval Dockyard at Portsmouth. This frigate became the first warship to glide down the building slipway there since 1942. She is the third of a class of four anti-aircraft frigates to be launched: H.M.S. *Puma* was launched just a year ago, and H.M.S. *Lynx* in January this year. The fourth ship is to be named *Jaguar*.

These frigates will displace about 1,800 tons. They are 340 ft. in overall length, with a beam of 40 ft. They are all-welded, and the Admiralty claims that their structural arrangements "represent the last word in the development of modern technique." Opportunity has been taken, during their construction, to study the problems associated with rapid building under emergency conditions. The propelling machinery consists of Admiralty Standard Range I heavy-oil Diesel engines, built by Vickers-Armstrongs.

In the scheme for the new Navy, as outlined by the First Lord earlier this year, frigates are among the small, fast and well-armed vessels which will have a vital role to play. At the beginning of this year there were 58 frigates actually in commission; 118 were in reserve or were being rebuilt or modernised; and 25 were under construction in the United Kingdom. But the greater part of this fleet comprises anti-submarine vessels, adaptable to all climates and conditions, which can hunt the underwater enemy and protect convoys.

The exceptionally interesting and novel feature of the Leopard-class ships is that they are primarily intended for the protection of convoys against aircraft. They will, however, also have a further role as a smaller type of destroyer in offensive operations. The ships are mounted with four 4.5-in. guns, in two twin turrets and two 40-mm. anti-aircraft guns. The gunnery armament control is similar to that fitted in the Daring-class ships, and the gun mountings are also the same.

THE FIRST LAUNCH AT PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD SINCE 1942: The frigate *Leopard* slides down the building slipway at Portsmouth Dockyard after she had been named by Princess Marie Louise. She is the third of a new type of anti-aircraft frigate, displacing about 1,800 tons, and she became the first warship to be launched from Portsmouth since 1942.

A NEW ADDITION TO THE NEW NAVY: H.M.S. *Leopard* going down the slipway after the launching ceremony at Portsmouth. The building of frigates is now a priority, but whereas most are anti-submarine vessels, the Leopard-class ships are intended for anti-aircraft defence.

A CROW'S-NEST VIEW OF THE NAMING CEREMONY: There were many hundreds of people present when Princess Marie Louise named the *Leopard*. She presented to the ship a silver rose-bowl with her signature inscribed on it. The Princess received a water-colour painting of the new frigate when completed, and a leopard-shaped diamond brooch.

A LONELY COMMUNITY IN YORKSHIRE WHICH IS PART OF A TYPICAL COASTGUARD STATION: This picture by Aerofilms is of the Flamborough Station. The cottages house coastguards and their families.

Below—

COASTGUARDS AT WORK: A picture taken after the minesweeper H.M.S. *Wave* went aground on the rocky foreshore of St. Ives in 1952. Here coastguard men and townspeople hold the minesweeper into the shore while the crew are rescued.

A WATCH ON BRITAIN'S COASTS

The Many Services Performed by the Officers and Men of Her Majesty's Coastguard who Man the Four Hundred Stations Around Britain

By JOHN MAY

THE watcher on duty in the darkened look-out at Wick Coastguard Station stared out into misty darkness. Midnight had passed, and in the first uneasy hour of September 18, 1953, the sky was overcast, and a strong on-shore wind was raising a heavy swell. Seawards, with his physical eyes, the coastguardsman could see nothing. But "a first-class watcher develops a sense which instinctively warns him when something unusual is happening," says the *Coastguard Manual*. In the dark behind him, the telephone suddenly rang sharply.

Just before 1 a.m., reported Wick coast radio station, a distress message had been picked up from the British trawler *Hassett*. She was stranded on the rocky Scottish coast some twelve miles to the north.

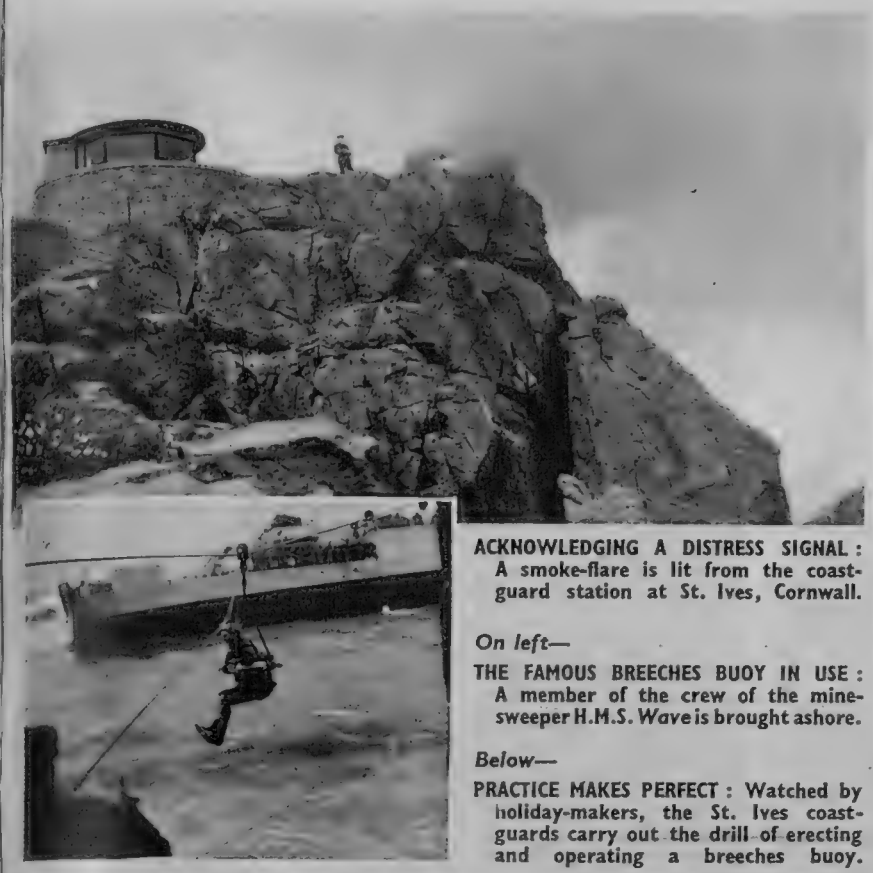
No further radio signals came from the trawler, and she could not be seen when the lorry and men of the Wick Life-saving Appliance Company reached her supposed position. Wick lifeboat, telephoned by the coastguard station and launched at 1.25 a.m., began searching. A destroyer helped with its searchlight. Time passed anxiously. Three exhausting hours later the lifeboat reported by radio-telephone. The trawler was close in under the cliff near Aukergill, awash fore and aft, with a heavy list to starboard.

Getting as close as they dared, the L.S.A. Company fired a rocket from the cliffs. The line fell over the trawler's wireless aerials, out of reach of the survivors sheltering in the wheelhouse, and a second rocket went the same way. Then, firing a line-throwing pistol from the base of the cliffs, an L.S.A. man got a line abaft the wheelhouse and below the aerials. One of the crew rushed out on deck. In spite of heavy seas breaking over him, he grabbed the line.

As the tide rose, there was danger now of the vessel slipping off into deep water. The L.S.A. Company acted fast with whip (endless rope) and hawser, and at 6.30 a.m. they hauled the first man shorewards. He clambered out of the breeches buoy on to a rocky ledge, and was taken up to the cliff-top. In forty-five minutes, working at record speed, they landed the rest of the fifteen survivors.

Around the 6,000 miles of the coast of Britain and Northern Ireland, the Wick Company's operation that night was the classic of the season. "An extremely well-carried-out rescue," commented *Lloyd's Daily List* when Wick was awarded the Ministry of Transport shield for the best wreck service of 1953–54. There was none serving in Her Majesty's Coastguard and the companies of the Coast Life-saving Corps who did not envy the men of Wick their ordeal, their achievement—and the opportunity.

Sixteen hundred ships, registered for the Home Trade, navigate round the shores of Britain. Hundreds more, deep-water ships, move in and out of the big ports. Yachts and pleasure craft put to sea by the score in the summer sun. Keeping a ceaseless watch for their safety, H.M. Coastguard maintains 157 stations poised on cliffs and headlands. In bad weather, a similar number of auxiliary stations, manned by volunteers, also takes up the watch. Life-saving appliances are



ACKNOWLEDGING A DISTRESS SIGNAL: A smoke-flare is lit from the coast-guard station at St. Ives, Cornwall.

On left—

THE FAMOUS BREECHES BUOY IN USE: A member of the crew of the mine-sweeper H.M.S. *Wave* is brought ashore.

Below—

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT: Watched by holiday-makers, the St. Ives coast-guards carry out the drill of erecting and operating a breeches buoy.

BRITAIN'S 403 COASTGUARD STATIONS: This map shows the different divisions into which the service is split and the number of stations in each district. Many of the stations keep a constant watch on the seas and at all stations rescue equipment is stored. Some stations are manned by the Coast Life-saving Corps.

kept at nearly all these stations and also at a further fifty points. From them all, the prayer that goes up unspoken for those in peril on the sea has been epitomised as: "Pray Heaven that there be no wreck; but if one is to be, then let it be here."

This zeal was put to the greatest test for years in four terrible days and nights of January and February 1953, when nine vessels and 300 lives were lost round the coast of Britain.

At the village of Borne, on the western side of the island of Harris, in the Outer Hebrides, the *Clan Macquarrie* came ashore just before midnight on January 30, in sleet and snow and a raging wind. (The story is told in detail in J. Lennox Kerr's book, *The Great Storm*.) For twenty hours, pounded by sea and wind, and burned by fuel oil escaping from the ship, the coastguards and villagers battled to reach and save her crew. Finally, they brought ashore by breeches buoy the whole ship's company of sixty-six men—the greatest number ever rescued in such an operation.

The great storm brought into operation the whole loosely-woven system by which rescue at sea is operated in Britain. The authority responsible for co-ordinating the web is H.M. Coastguard. Attached to the Coast-guard is the Coast Life-saving Corps, a body of some 5,000 spare-time volunteers. The Coastguard works closely with the Royal National Lifeboat Institution (also a volunteer body), with a dozen G.P.O. coast radio stations, the naval and air authorities, Lloyd's London, Trinity House and the Northern Lighthouse Board, advising and calling for help from each as the emergency warrants.

For coastguard control, the coasts of Great Britain and Northern Ireland are divided into ten divisions, and each of these into a number of small districts. Where the small ship traffic is heavy and close to the coast, stations are about five miles apart. Their number varies according to the traffic, the nature of the coast, and navigational hazards, and at present the coastguard service is completing a process of reorganisation, self-imposed some time ago to bring it into line with changing present-day needs.

Ten inspectors, thirty-one district officers, ten writers (clerks) and about 100 station officers and 400 coastguardsmen are the backbone of the service. The volunteers of the Coast Life-saving Corps who work with them are trained by the coastguard, and take part in regular drills, practice exercises and competitions to maintain their efficiency.

Once a year, every coastguard station is visited either by the Chief Inspector or the Deputy Chief Inspector from coastguard headquarters at the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation in Berkeley Square, London, W.1. By alternating the divisions they visit, the Chief Inspector and his deputy see every station every two years.

Although the coastguard service is now concerned mainly with life-saving, its origins were in an organisation formed to prevent smuggling. At that time, more than a century ago, while the Customs controlled the service, its men were drawn from the Royal Navy. In 1856, the control was transferred to the Admiralty. The Admiralty was not directly responsible for life-saving, but its conscience was uneasy about it. While disavowing responsibility for any inadequacies of arrangements, it instructed coastguardsmen "to render every possible assistance to the life-saving services."

The services were in the hands of a number of private life-saving companies which had been formed in the first half of the nineteenth century. Even to-day, certain of the life-saving brigades on the north-east coast (the busiest for this work) are voluntary organisations, proud to retain their own distinctive uniforms. Most of the private companies, however, were taken over by the Board of Trade in 1854, and from this time on the Board gradually provided more life-saving gear and look-out huts.

Eventually, the mixed duties of the old coastguard had to be sorted out. In 1923, the Board of Trade took over the coastguard organisation, largely as it is to-day, to deal with the saving of life and the salvage of wreck. The Admiralty continued to look after coastal defence, and the Customs became responsible for the prevention of smuggling.

Further adjustments and improvements were made, and in 1932 the Coast Life-saving Corps of civilian volunteers was formed. This Corps is composed of three main branches: (1) the L.S.A. men, who transport and operate the rocket gear, etc.; (2) the auxiliary watchers; and (3) the intelligence section, which includes persons of either sex, who assist in emergencies with cars or telephones.

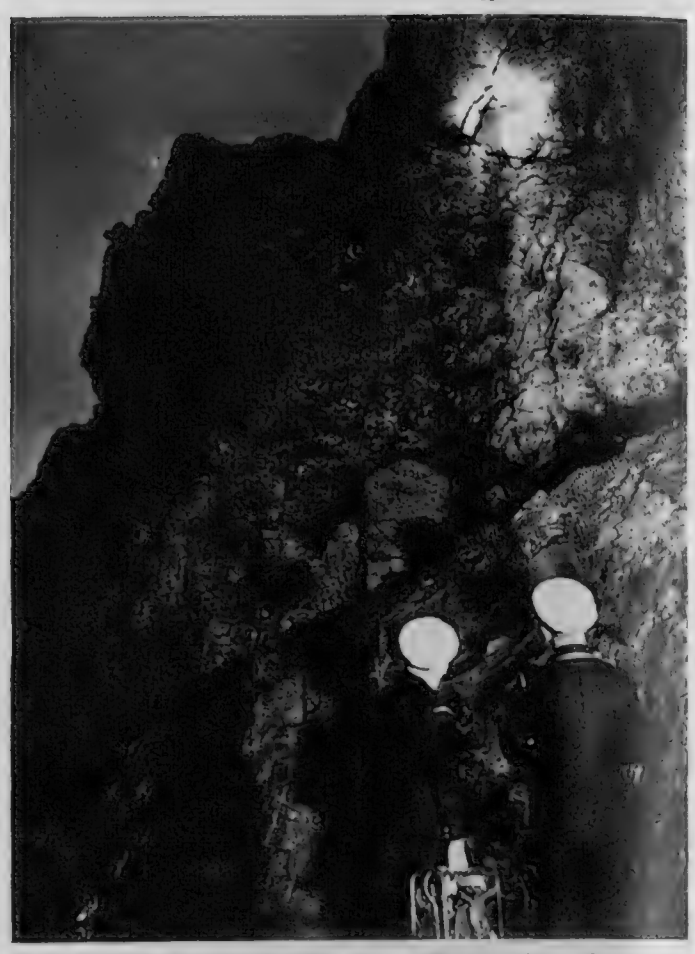
When, in the war, the invasion of Britain seemed a possibility, the Admiralty took control of the coast-guard once more. By this time, the Ministry of Shipping (now Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation) had taken over the functions exercised by the Mercantile Marine Department of the Board of Trade, and the Ministry retained administrative control. Coast-guardsmen kept their caps but went into battledress and were issued arms. Their duties included watching for mines, enemy agents and saboteurs. They continued so until 1945.

Of recent years, the service has made considerable improvements in its techniques and equipment. In 1948 an improved 300-m.p.h. rocket, with cordite replacing gunpowder, was introduced, capable of carrying a 1-in. line a distance of 500 yards. More effective lighting has been provided for use at the scene of wrecks at night, and look-out huts have been reconstructed to

(*Concluded on following page*)

ON CONSTANT WATCH: Even during the summer months, when weather is usually milder and seas more gentle, the coastguard must be on the look-out for the not infrequent holiday-makers stranded on cliffs or inexperienced yachtsmen who have got into difficulties.

THE BREECHES BUOY PROVES ITS WORTH ONCE AGAIN: When the Liberian steamer *Liberty* ran aground near Land's End during a gale, many of her crew, unable to understand the instructions of the rescuers, leapt into the sea. Once the breeches buoy was rigged up, those on board were saved.



NOT ALL TROUBLES ARE ON THE SEA: Cliff-rescue is an important part of the Coastguard services. Here, with the aid of a powerful but portable searchlight, a stranded man has been found. The power plant is carried by the man on the left.

A BUSY COASTGUARD STATION: The look-out post on the Lizard does "Lloyd's Work" in addition to normal duties. This involves logging the 2,000 vessels which pass the Lizard every month. The Lloyd's flag can be seen flying just below the Union Jack.

A LONELY OUTPOST ON THE WELSH COAST: The St. Anne's Head Station, in the Tenby District of the Cambrian Division of Wales, is seen partly shaded by clouds in this photograph by Aerofilms. Here a constant night watch is kept and an occasional look-out during the day. In bad weather, however, a constant watch is maintained at all hours.

KEEPING A WATCH ON THE WEATHER AS WELL AS THE SEA: The Lizard Station also undertakes meteorological work, and visibility reports are issued hourly during the daytime. In this picture barometer readings are being carefully recorded to help weather forecasters.

A WATCH ON BRITAIN'S COASTS

(*Concluded from previous page*).

give the greatest possible arc of vision, not only seawards and along the coastline, but also skywards to observe aircraft.

Recruits entering H.M. Coastguard to-day are normally men from the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy of at least twelve years' service. The scale of pay rises from £6 10s. to £7 2s. a week for coastguardsmen, with extra allowances at certain stations. Uniform, protective clothing and free, unfurnished living accommodation are provided. Possibilities of promotion are good, and removal expenses are paid when a coastguard is moved to another station for service reasons.

Fit and aged 28–55, the recruit should have a good knowledge of seamanship, be able to send and receive signals, to make bends and hitches, and to read a chart.

In addition, he must be a good companion. "The Coastguard organisation requires a few men and their families to live in close proximity, often in isolated parts of the coast," the regulations say, "and the efficiency of the Service depends largely on a spirit of goodwill between the different members."

During the summer months, when the Coastguard Service is to some extent relieved of emergencies due to bad weather, other duties arise. Holidaymakers get cut off by the tide, birds'-nesters are trapped on cliffs, sheep climb into places from which they cannot return, and occupants of rowing-boats find themselves in difficulties. Coastguards have special ladders and protective headgear for cliff rescues, which are numerous on parts of the south coast.

On other occasions, holidaymakers are entertained by the drills carried out every quarter by life-saving companies under the supervision of a Divisional Inspector or District Officer. At Birling Gap, a few miles to the westwards of Beachy Head, for instance, the Eastbourne company may carry out a practice cliff-top rescue.

Their rocket soars out over a large mast temporarily fixed in some rocks about 250 yards out on the beach, where a group of men represent the crew of the "wreck." To the accompaniment of an explanatory running commentary from loud-speakers, with two regular coastguardsmen and a score of the Coast Life-saving Corps in action, the "rescue" goes forward. It looks good fun, but there is another side to the picture.

Even in the dirtiest of winter weather, the watch is often long, cold, boring and devoid of incident. But at all times the Coastguard's interest and vigilance must be maintained, and the exercises are a means to this end. On the coastguardsman's readiness at all seasons to see perhaps an inefficient flare, a shirt flying from an oar, or an ensign hoisted upside-down, and to act with decision and promptitude, depend many lives.

FIRE-FIGHTING IN THE NORTH SEA: The cargo steamer *Maidenhead* is seen helpless in the North Sea as her cargo of coke blazes away below decks. Alongside are two Naval minesweepers which are playing hoses on the red-hot decks of the steamer. The *Maidenhead*, of 7,120 tons, was carrying a cargo of coke, petrol, groundnuts and tobacco to Gdynia.

ABLAZE IN THE NORTH SEA

A Helicopter and Minesweepers Help Fight a Fire in a Cargo Ship

When the first distress signal was sent from the steamer *Maidenhead*, which was lying about fifteen miles outside Harwich, tugs and Naval vessels left from Harwich, Gravesend and Margate, with firemen and equipment for the stricken ship. The first to reach the *Maidenhead*, however, was a Naval helicopter, which lowered fire-extinguishers and drums of chemical to make foam mixture. The fire, which is believed to have been caused by spontaneous combustion, broke out in the No. 2 hold, where 1,500 tons of coke were stored. The decks soon became very hot and, as extra firemen were taking their equipment on board, gas from the heated coke burst open the hatch of the hold. Remaining hatches were battened down to protect tobacco, which formed part of the cargo in other holds, from getting wet. Some petrol, which was being carried, also caused anxiety. While crew members confined the fire to the one hold by means of the foam mixture, firemen from Gravesend and Harwich played hoses through the ventilators of the burning hold while others sprayed the decks with water to keep them cool. At times the ship was enshrouded with steam rising from the decks. When the fire was under control, the *Maidenhead*, which was bound for Gdynia, was towed to Harwich, where she docked on the following morning.

On left—

LOOKING DOWN ON TO THE RED-HOT DECKS OF THE "MAIDENHEAD": A minesweeper (left) is alongside. Not until five hours had passed was the fire safely under control. A helicopter landed fire-fighting equipment on the ship before other rescue craft had reached the stricken cargo steamer.

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

A PICTORIAL COMMENTARY ON RECENT EVENTS IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

A DANCE IN A FLEET STREET BANK : Guests are seen in the courtyard behind Hoare's Bank in Fleet Street, where a dance was given for seventeen-year-old Miss Melanie Hoare, daughter of Mr. H. P. R. Hoare, one of the partners in the banking firm. The dancing took place in the bank's drawing-room and in the museum. After the dance was over, at about 4 a.m., members of the staff worked hard to prepare for business at 9 a.m.

GREETING THE GUESTS : Miss Melanie Hoare and her father are seen with Mr. and Mrs. Quintin Hoare in the courtyard of the bank, which had been transformed with fairy lights and awnings.

PLAYING AT BANKER : Mr. J. Henry, from Florida, "cashes a cheque" for his daughter, Miss Pearson Henry. *Below*—Miss J. Clark and Mr. A. Barnewall admire a portrait of a director.

A MANOR HOUSE GOES UP FOR SALE: Norton Manor, at Bredon, in Worcestershire, which is included in property for sale by Overbury Estates. The Manor House, which dates from 1585, was, soon after it was built, occupied by Thomas Copley, a friend of Sir Walter Raleigh, who was a frequent visitor. Copley was with Raleigh when he founded Virginia.

Inset on left—
THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY TITHE BARN WHICH IS FOR SALE WITH NORTON MANOR : It is said that Shakespeare once acted in the barn which forms part of the estate.

THE INTERNATIONAL ANGLING CHAMPIONSHIP IN SCOTLAND : This was the scene on the shores of Loch Leven last week as the boats prepared to set out. There were fifty-six anglers from Scotland, Wales, Ireland and England taking part. The competitors fished for eight hours in good conditions and trout were taking well. Scotland, with a catch of ninety trout, weighing 89 lb. 8¼ ozs., were declared winners. The highest individual catch was by Mr. S. P. Miller, of Scotland, with thirteen trout weighing 12 lb. 8 ozs.

A MUSLIM FESTIVAL AT WOKING : An overflow of worshippers is seen at prayer behind the main marquee during the festival " Id al-Fitr," which was held at the Shah Jehan Mosque at Woking last week. *On right*—The band of the Arab Legion, which is in this country for the Royal Tournament, plays during the picturesque festival.

AN ANCIENT CEREMONY AT THE TOWER OF LONDON : The Provost of Eton, Dr. C. A. Elliott, walks in procession to the Wakefield Tower to take part in the traditional lilies and roses ceremony which commemorates the murder of King Henry VI in 1471. Henry VI founded both Eton and King's College, Cambridge. The white lilies, representing the Eton coat-of-arms, and the roses, which represent King's College, are placed in the Tower and a Latin prayer, written by Henry VI, is recited over them.

A NEW SEA WALL NEARS COMPLETION : Work in progress on the south end of the sea wall which is being built at Filey, in Yorkshire, to replace the older wooden wall, which was severely damaged during the gales of January 1953. Scheduled to be opened this July by the Princess Royal, the wall will have cost between £75,000 and £80,000. The sea wall will incorporate a tarmac promenade decorated with flower gardens and is one of the many new structures now being built along the East Coast.

BLESSING THE SEA AT CULLERCOATS, IN NORTHUMBERLAND : The Vicar of Cullercoats is seen during the ancient ceremony, which is believed to have been performed once every year since the sixth century. The Vicar and the choir from St. George's Church, Cullercoats, go down to the shore and bless the sea and pray for a good fish harvest.

CATTLE GO BY TRAIN : A cow of the Bapton Shorthorn Herd belonging to Mr. Cecil Moores, of Edenbridge, Kent, is coaxed on to a train at Edenbridge Station before the long journey to Cairnbrogie, Oldmeldrum, in Aberdeenshire. The cow was one of the 188 head of cattle taken up to Scotland by train last week. The herd is valued at £95,000 and the cost of moving it to Scotland was £2,500. One of the last to leave was the famous bull Kirkton Hercules, which was purchased for £5,000.

The Sphere of Travel

HOLIDAYS IN THE ARCTIC

Northern Norway Offers Fascinating Possibilities to the Adventurous Traveller; and Some Suggestions for Touring this Vast Territory

By GORDON COOPER

IT is possible to leave London in mid-afternoon by S.A.S. Airline, dine at Oslo Airport, and arrive at Bodø, north of the Arctic Circle, in time to witness the "Midnight Sun." There are also more leisurely methods of reaching this starting-point for journeys into Norway's Arctic North, including travel by express steamer service from Bergen. When by any route you do reach Bodo you are on the threshold of a vast territory which offers unique potentialities for fascinating holidays in an almost unknown land.

It is only in the last year or two that Northern Norway has become a potential tourist area. Prior to 1939, a few wealthy sportsmen, including the late Duke of Westminster, discovered the superb fishing which could be enjoyed in some of the rivers there, and rented stretches of fishing rights. There were, too, occasional luxury cruises to the North Cape. But that was all. Then came the war and the German occupation. When the invaders withdrew towards the end of 1944, they razed almost every building to the ground, destroyed the bridges, slaughtered the cattle, and left no equipment. In some cases this devastation was nearly 100 per cent. In Hammerfest, for instance, only the mortuary chapel was left undamaged.

The position might well have appeared hopeless in this scorched land—but not to the Norwegians. With indomitable courage and hard work, the people set themselves to the task of reconstruction. As a result, new towns have been built, new roads and bridges constructed, and it is now perfectly feasible for visitors to tour this wide area in reasonable comfort, by land, sea and air.

At the same time, I would emphasise that while a journey to the Far North can be most rewarding, especially to those who delight in Nature's solitude, it may not appeal to some people. There is inevitably a certain amount of monotony. Personally, I like the wide, open spaces and prefer those parts of the world where there is an immensity of scene. Instances which come to mind are the tawny landscape of Castile, the rolling plain of the *Puszta* of Hungary, the illimitable stretches of the Ukraine, the infinity of the Sahara, and the barrenness of great stretches in Finnmark, the largest of the three counties in Northern Norway. This last has an area as great as Denmark, yet its population is no more than 50,000.

A QUIET SPOT ON THE ARCTIC HIGHWAY: A picturesque stretch of Lake Alte, in the Tromsø area, where the deeply indented fjord coast is bordered by many islands.

There are various ways in which you can tour North Norway. Should time be short, or if you would like the experience, the S.A.S. can take you in eight hours' flying time between Bodø and Kirkenes (close to the Russian frontier), with calls at Harstad, Tromsø, Alta and Hammerfest. By the air route the whole country unfolds below you: the most jagged coastline in the world, with its thousands of islands and skerries, the majesty of the fjords cutting deep inland, the mighty mountains in their strange formations, roaring waterfalls and sweeping rivers, and, on the heights, the last of the glaciers—a reminder of the Ice Age of long ago.

By sea, there are the coastal express steamers—don't lay too much stress on the "express" title, however—which sail north from Bergen, with a departure every weekday. Kirkenes is the final destination, while during the journey some forty ports are called at. The round trip takes twelve days, or eight days if you make Trondheim the starting and finishing port. Alternatively, you might decide that the stretch between Trondheim and Hammerfest is adequate for your needs. This takes forty hours for the one-way trip. Then, in greater comfort, there are the cruises by the newly-built m.s. *Meteor* of the Bergen Line, which carries only first-class passengers and travels as far as the North Cape.

By road, there are two organised services. First, between Lønsdal (railhead) and Bodø there is a summer bus service which takes you through to Kirkenes in four days, with overnight stops. Different buses are used for each daily stage, but you can purchase a ticket covering the whole trip. Night halts are usually made at Narvik, Sorkjosen and Lakselv, lunch stops at Innhavet, Olsborg, Alta and Ifjord. Through passengers, by the way, are guaranteed rooms, an important matter, for the hotels are usually crowded. In fact, at the Lakselv Hotel I saw the unusual notice to the effect that guests could only occupy rooms for one night. This 900-mile journey can be broken, if desired. My first suggestion would be to stay at Gratangen—where, indeed, I would not mind staying for a week or more. There is a comfortable hotel and superb scenery. Other choices could be Lyngen, on the Lyngenfjord, or Ifjord, where there is excellent trout-fishing. Both are to be commended, the former because it is perhaps the most magnificent of all Norwegian fjords, the latter for its sense of loneliness.

An alternative to the trip to Kirkenes would be to make Hammerfest your destination. There you could join a steamer. This would cut off a day in the duration of the bus journey, although you would then miss the amazingly wild and desolate scenery beyond Lakselv. I found this the most exciting stretch of all.

I would advise anyone planning a bus-cum-steamer trip to take the bus first. Then you have a rest on board ship after what must necessarily be a somewhat tiring journey. I consider the bus journey is the most interesting one to make. If you are in a hurry you could then fly back from either Kirkenes or Hammerfest.

Secondly, a more leisurely land journey is provided by an inclusive North Cape tour which takes you in special motor-coaches from Bodø to Hammerfest and the North Cape, thence returning by steamer from North Cape to Bodø. This round tour can also be made in the reverse direction. It offers the advantage over the bus service, being more comfortable and more leisurely. The road journey between Bodø and Hammerfest occupies five days. An inclusive price covers transportation, excursions, meals and accommodation. You can get full details from your travel agent.

For the more adventurous traveller there are opportunities for some unusual holidays in Northern Norway. There is, for instance, a trip by river boat down the Tana River, a distance of 400 miles. It may not be a particularly comfortable journey, but it is extraordinarily interesting. It takes you into another world. Although a considerable stretch of the river forms the frontier between Norway and Finland, there are no passport formalities. Anglers may fish from both banks, and the fishing permit only costs 12s.

The Tana is the greatest salmon water in Norway. Sixty-pounders are caught every season and record salmon of over 70 lb. are landed occasionally. It takes two days from Karasjok (near which is an important Lapp settlement) to Skipagurra (on the Arctic Highway between Lakselv and Kirkenes) by this Lapp river boat service. There are two series of rapids on the way down—first the Aile rapids, which are by-passed, and then the Nedre Storfoss rapids, where passengers are conveyed by lorry over a distance of five miles. This unique service is available throughout July and August, and the single fare is £3 10s. Further details can be obtained from the Norway Travel Association (21, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1).

A PORT OF CALL BETWEEN BODØ AND KIRKENES: Harstad is the chief of several harbours of Hindö, the largest of the Vesteraalen Islands, off the north-west coast of Norway.

Spitzbergen (called by the Norwegians Svalbard) seems, on the map, at least, to be a most remote spot. Yet, thanks to the Gulf Stream, its climate is surprisingly mild. From a scenic point of view, it offers a grand mixture of fjords, mountains and glaciers. There are also interesting fauna and flora, and should your fancy lie in hunting polar bears, then you will be interested to know about the Arctic safari organised by Mr. Odd Berg of Tromsø.

Regular cruises from Tromsø to Svalbard are offered every summer by the Troms Steamship Company of Tromsø. The round tour takes eleven days, calling at Longyear City (population 1,000) and Ny-Ålesund (population 70). The famous "North Pole Hotel" was destroyed during the war, and at present no hotel accommodation is available in Svalbard. The alternative is to take your own tent! The cost of the round trip, including meals, is £35 first-class, £23 second-class and bookings can be made through your travel agent. As the s.s. *Lyngen*, which makes this cruise, is only 500 tons, don't expect luxury travel.

My last suggestion for an unusual holiday concerns Røst, a picturesque but decidedly grim group of islands and holms, facing the ocean off the Lofoten Isles. They provide the largest bird sanctuaries in Europe. Millions of sea birds of all species can be seen throughout the summer. The largest island is called Rostland, and this is where the population of 800 live. It is flat and rocky and although there is no hotel accommodation, the "Røst Fiskarheim" can accept twelve visitors, and the shop-owner can put up six visitors in rooms above his shop. Enquiries about rooms and local conditions should be directed to the shop-owner, Mr. Olaf Pedersen, Glea Island, Røst, Lofoten.

The Lofotens are not difficult to reach, the quickest route being by local steamer from Bodø to Røst in 6–7 hours. Further information from the Vesteraalen S.S. Co., Stokmarknes. There is also a weekly cruise by the s.s. *Saltal*, which is a combined cargo and passenger vessel, operating between Trondheim and the Lofotens Isles, calling at thirty-two ports during the round voyage. The itinerary includes a shore excursion to the bird sanctuaries at Vedoy Island in the Røst group. Further information from the Nordland Steamship Company, Bodø.

BY ROAD TO THE FAR NORTH—MOTOR-COACHES AT EIDETINN, IN TROMS: In his article Gordon Cooper refers to two organised road services to the far north.

A DELIGHTFUL OLD TOWN BESIDE THE WYE: The river at Ross is dominated by the town, with the spire of the church standing high above the river. This is a stretch of the Wye as it winds its way from Hereford to the Severn at Chepstow.

On right—ONE OF THE GREAT LOOPS MADE BY THE WYE OCCURS BELOW TINTERN AT LANCAUT: Here the river, seen at low tide, twists in its course at the foot of wooded cliffs. At Tintern itself the ruined Abbey stands in a meadow by the river.

THE LOWER WYE

Exploring the Picturesque Stretch Between Hereford and Chepstow

Written and Illustrated by J. ALLAN CASH

From Hereford to Chepstow the distance is only about thirty miles, but the course of the River Wye as it twists and turns on its way to the Severn Estuary must be nearly twice as much. Hardly anywhere does it follow a straight course. The result is that it flows through some of the most varied and beautiful scenery, across the Herefordshire Plain and down through the gorges below the Forest of Dean, often dominated by steep, wooded slopes.

At Hereford the Cathedral stands close to the Wye and the grounds of the Bishop's Palace reach down to the water's edge. From this great Cathedral town you can follow the Wye down to Ross by secondary and minor roads where all is quiet and peaceful. A gated road runs from Fownhope over Capler Hill and through a tiny hamlet known as Hole in the Wall. The view from Capler Hill is one of the finest along the whole river, yet few people ever see it. Close by is the famous Dean and Chapter Pool, one of the best pools on the whole of this noted salmon river.

Ross is a delightful old town with narrow streets, ancient buildings, a wonderful market hall and a little park overlooking the river. Below Ross the river soon enters the hills, running for miles through spectacular gorges. At Goodrich are the ruins of a great castle on a bluff above the river. Close by is Symonds Yat, a natural look-out point on a high limestone bluff several hundred feet above the river. Here the Wye makes a five-mile loop, yet from Symonds Yat you can look down almost vertically on to the river and then walk a few yards across the road and look down on to the water again at the other end of the loop. South and east of this point lies the beautiful Forest of Dean, with coal-mines hidden among the trees. The miners, who own special rights from ancient times, often graze a few sheep in the forest.

The Wye Valley from Monmouth (where the Monnow joins the Wye) to Chepstow has been called the grandest scenery in Europe. And it certainly is beautiful, with high wooded hills on either side and wonderful vistas from the road. Some way down, in a meadow near the river banks, stands Tintern Abbey, one of the loveliest ruins in England. Another great loop occurs below Tintern, at Lancaut, where the river twists round below lofty white cliffs. There is an excellent viewpoint on the road at Wyndcliffe, a spot I always think should be developed as a look-out point. Over the line of limestone cliffs across the great loop, the Severn Estuary can be seen, and on a clear day, the Cotswold Hills far beyond.

Chepstow lies a mile or two below, its great castle standing on the river bank. Here and, indeed, far above Tintern, the river is tidal and there are wide expanses of shining mud at low tide. The Wye enters the estuary of the Severn three miles below Chepstow, quietly and unobtrusively, at a spot not even marked by village or town, the end of the most beautiful river in the country.

THE VIEW FROM CAPLER HILL IS ONE OF THE FINEST ALONG THE RIVER: On one bank are steep wooded slopes and on the other a stretch of meadowland.

CONTRASTS ALONG THE RIVER IN TOWN AND COUNTRY: *Left*—This is the view at Wye Bridge, Hereford, with the tower of the Cathedral in the background. *Right*—Looking out across the countryside from Ross, which is one of the best centres for exploring the Lower Wye. At Monmouth the River Wye is joined by the Monnow.

A CIRCUS UNDER THE HAMMER

The Animals and Equipment of the German Apollo Circus are Sold in Rome

The German Apollo Circus has had a sorry end to its life of service in the entertainment world. Towards the end of last month nearly all the 100 performing animals of the circus were sold in Rome and many of the German staff were given financial assistance to reach their homes.

The misfortunes of the circus began some time ago and it has sustained a long series of disasters ever since. In November last year the staff were faced with the situation of being stranded in Malta. They could not arrange for their own transport from the island to Sicily and so the Governor, who could not find a commercial firm to undertake the move, asked the Royal Navy to help. The Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean, Lord Mountbatten, agreed and two tank-landing craft were put at the disposal of the circus. Even then the circus still had difficulties. Local creditors obtained an injunction alleging a breach of contract concerning transportation against the circus, and another action was brought by the Performing Rights Society. There was also a hitch over the stamping of the German passports held by some of the circus workers. Eventually when the move did get under way and the animals were ferried across to Sicily, it was termed "Operation Noah's Ark."

With the arrival of the circus in Rome there were reports that some of the animals were starving. Although many citizens, including Prince Colonna and film actresses Ingrid Bergman and Anna Magnani, sent gifts of money and food, there was not sufficient to save the circus in its hour of need. Its animals and part of its equipment had to be sorted and sold by auction, and at the end only a few horses and polar bears remained in the familiar Apollo wagons.

After the disposal of the circus came the question of the staff. Some of the Italian staff had to make their own arrangements, but many others had to return to Germany and Austria. The German Government came to the rescue of their own countrymen and repatriated them at the Government's expense. The Austrians sought the help of their own legation.

THE ILL-FATED GERMAN APOLLO CIRCUS AWAITS ITS FINAL VERDICT ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ROME: The circus was broken up last month following a long series of disasters and nearly all the 100 performing animals were sold. Last year the circus was transported from Malta by the Royal Navy as it was unable to arrange its own transport from the island to Sicily. The City of Rome is seen stretching away in the background of this picture. In the left background is the 116 ft. high pyramid of Caius Cestius.

THE STAFF WITH THEIR ANIMALS: *Left*—A little circus girl finds a few scraps of bread for her hungry pony which, until recently, she had ridden under the spotlight in the circus ring. *Right*—Two of the staff arrive at the polar bears' cage with scraps given by Romans.

ALL IS QUIET IN THE LAST DAYS: *Left*—A clown without a job sits dejectedly by his piano, in front of the "big top," as he awaits the final decision. *Right*—This young Italian circus hand is sitting close to his family's wagon which had joined the circus during its journey from Sicily to Rome. They were said to have sold most of their possessions and were returning to their home. Many Italians have given money and food to the circus folk to help them in their hour of need.

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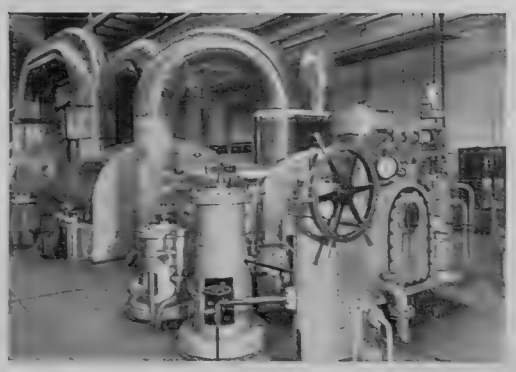

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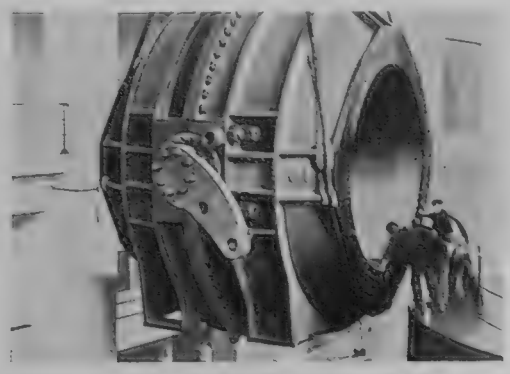

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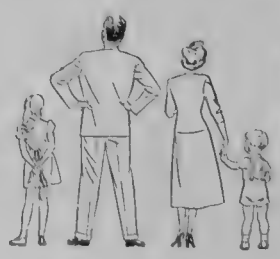
bringing you  better living

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

REBECCA WEST AT NUREMBERG

An Account of the Trials, "as They Have Surely Never Been Written of Before," is Included in Her Latest Book, "A Train of Powder"

THERE is no one more feminine than Miss Rebecca West, and, by the same token, there is no one more worthy of comparison with the greatest essayists, critics and reporters of our times. At any of these arts or professions, Miss West can be acclaimed without any bias as one of the most brilliant now living. Her new book, A TRAIN OF POWDER (Macmillan. 21s.), is a collection of six long essays, or reports, in her inimitable style, on six tragic and yet not hopeless facets of the post-war world. Miss West attended the Nuremberg Trials, and writes of them as they have surely never been written of before; with compassion, with surgical precision and with her own heaven-sent wit, which never obtrudes and yet transforms every page of her work.

Of the Nuremberg defendants: "They looked what they were as crudely as Mary Queen of Scots at Fotheringay or Napoleon on St. Helena in a mid-Victorian Academy success. But it was, of course, an unusually ghastly picture. They were wreathed in suggestions of death." Of a lynching trial in South Carolina: "There was a historic change of tempo to be felt at the Greenville Trial; wickedness itself had been aware of the slowing of its pulse. The will of the South had made its decision, and by 1954 three years had gone by without a lynching in the United States." In the course of the Setty murder trial: "The judge remarked tremendously that there was such a thing as the common law of England . . .", and of the young radio-telegraphist arrested in 1952 in a Wandsworth park as a Soviet agent: ". . . the gangling boy, William Martin Marshall, twitching and pouting as if the old system were a harsh wind blowing on purpose to spite him, swaying and languishing as if he were courted by the new system."

Miss West's analysis is, in general, profound, her occasional attacks light-swift and merciless, and the clarity of her narrative a model for those who aspire to write more exactly than impressionistically.

ONE OF THE MOST BRILLIANT ESSAYISTS NOW LIVING: Miss Rebecca West's new book, *A Train of Powder*, reviewed on this page, is a collection of six essays on six "tragic and yet not hopeless facets of the post-war world."

JOURNEY INTO A FOG (Gollancz. 18s.) is the extraordinary history of a year spent by Margareta Berger-Hammerschlag as teacher of art in a London slum youth club. She was neither a social worker nor a trained teacher, but an artist who collected a drifting class of boys and girls, most of whom attended either because it was an apparently easy way to join the club's social functions, or as a safe rendezvous for boy friends to meet their girl friends, or, in a very few cases, because they had a faint interest in art.

The author's work was immensely discouraging: the boys were tough, unimaginative and mentally sluggish; the girls all this and predatory as well, and all of them apathetic in anything but a desire to ape a favourite film star. Sometimes there were hopes that an individual youngster might promise a better performance, or even a momentary interest in anything but films, dances and television, but in nearly every case these hopes came to nothing, and the last sordid event of the chronicle would leave the reader with a feeling of miserable futility if it were not for the very fact that someone, the author herself, has had the humanity and the courage to endure these experiences and to write of them without bitterness.

Mr. Edmund Randolph was a member of a distinguished New York banking family and destined for a life of moderately high finance when in 1922 his father died and, instead of going to the suggested naval academy, he took himself off to the West, to find out how precisely wild and woolly it could be there, even though the great days, as everyone told him, had vanished for good. He finished up in Montana, where it can be as cold as 60 below, and where, at the time he discusses in his book of memoirs, there was Prohibition to make it as dry as it was cold.

But the cold could be endured, Prohibition was only a challenge to an enterprising young man, and Mr. Randolph survived both to acquire his own cattle ranch, with the help of friends, and to live some of the best years of his life. At present, it appears, he is back in the far tamer East, but there are indications that the author of DON'T FENCE THEM IN (Heinemann. 18s.) will be hitting the trail to the cattle lands again before long. This is a readable, not too rugged volume of reminiscences, and I liked the sketches it gave of the last of the classic old-timers.

INTRODUCING AUSTRIA (Methuen. 18s.) is a superior guide-book by Mr. G. E. R. Gedye, who has lived there, in all, for twenty years and who has the added and valuable qualification of liking the country as well as knowing it well. He is a practical writer, too, for not only does he tell the reader where to go and what to see there, but what he should eat and drink in the intervals of appreciation. The photographs are admirable—high in both quantity and quality, and introducing the novice traveller to such obvious delights as the White Horse Inn, and such contemporary horrors as the Karl Marx Hof in Vienna.

THE PRIVATE DIARIES OF STENDHAL (Gollancz. 25s.) have now been for the first time translated into English, and their editor and translator is Mr. Robert Sage, a student of Stendhal for thirty years, who undertook the immense task of making one manageable volume out of the 2,000 pages of the original diaries. The entries begin in 1801, with Stendhal gazetted as a sub-lieutenant in Napoleon's army, and end in 1814, with his loss of a job as the Empire falls. Stendhal had a definite purpose in keeping these journals; they were never random jottings but always an exercise in self-analysis, since he held that a writer, or a man in society, should know himself and examine his shortcomings and successes with candour, so as to profit by them. "I 'm undertaking to write the history of my life day by day," his first entry reads. "There 's a mistake in French already; there will be a lot more, because I 'm making it a rule not to stand on ceremony and never to erase." The result is one of the most fascinating and revealing documents in French literary history.

There is a fine early summer crop of novels this week, beginning with Miss Margaret Kennedy's new book, THE ORACLES (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.). This is a mature and sophisticated work and will provide no satisfaction at all to those who are looking for the romantic attitude or the sentimental finale. It is, in fact, very grown-up indeed, and more power to its author for demonstrating with such virtuosity that *The Constant Nymph* was only one of many possible expressions of her talent. In the present story, the setting is a provincial town and the plot turns on the acceptance or rejection of an odd piece of sculpture which the local oracles hold to be *avant-garde* and altogether praiseworthy, the more common-sensical regard as a monstrosity, and only an innocent child recognises as a garden chair struck by lightning.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) is the story of an American destroyer captain, his ship and the convoy under his protection in the Atlantic during the war. If I add that it is by Mr. C. S. Forester, you will know just the kind of taut, tense and mesmerically readable story that it is. And if there are some who regret it is not another Hornblower, I would point out that even a best-selling author has his rights to a temporary change of scene.

The author of ARCTIC SUBMARINE (Elek. 10s. 6d.) is Alastair Mars, D.S.O., D.S.C., whose first attempt at fiction this is. He writes of the future and the possibility of a submarine being fitted out for work not only in Arctic waters, but underneath the ice in the far north. In his story an atomic submarine—of which a prototype, as we know, already exists—makes for the Arctic Circle in order to penetrate the North-West Passage, and navigates for long distances under ice. The story is told freshly and without artifice and may well become Required Reading for sub-mariners.

ARM ME AUDACITY (Wingate. 12s. 6d.) is fiction; we have the author's word for it. But this fast-moving tale of adventure in post-war Austria and Russia is not without a basis in truth, in its descriptions of conditions near and behind the Iron Curtain. I am not at all sure, in fact, whether it matters in the least if this is truth or fiction, for this is evidently a case in which they lie too close to each other to be disentangled, and it is also a case of an exciting and entertaining novel.

THE KING'S RANGERS (Collins. 12s. 6d.) takes us back to another sort of derring-do, in America at the time of the War of Independence, as described with considerable gusto and a meticulous feeling for historical sequence, by Mr. John Brick, a writer who might not mind being called an exponent of the Kenneth Roberts technique. Recommended, not so much for fanciers of style as for readers who enjoy a chunk of history served with the fewest trimmings.

LORD MINIMUS (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.) goes even further back in time, for this is a story of a dwarf, who was the son of the Duke of Buckingham's bull-baiter, was taken into the ducal household as a child and was once served up—alive—in a pie, at a banquet given for Charles I and Queen Henrietta Maria. Mr. Peter Towry describes his novel as an heroic comedy, and as such, or as an ingeniously decorated fragment of history, this is an original and picaresque tale that is a one-volume challenge to banality.

Mr. Freeman Wills Crofts has a new collection of detective stories in MANY A SLIP (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.). Originally, these twenty-one tales were planned for an evening newspaper and they have here been slightly enlarged, or un-compressed, without losing their ingenuity.

SIR ANTHONY EDEN *is the title chosen by two authors for new biographies of the Conservative leader. One by Lewis Broad* (Hutchinson. 15s.) *has the sub-title "The Chronicles of a Career," and the other is by Alan Campbell-Johnson.* (Robert Hale. 18s.)

WHERE BLEED THE MANY (Elek. 16s.) *is an account by George Dunning, D.C.M., of his experiences after being taken prisoner at Dunkirk and his subsequent efforts to escape.*

YOUR HOME AND YOU (Peter Nevill. 21s.), *a practical encyclopædia for the homemaker, has been edited by Kay Smallshaw.*

A CITY LIKE DODGE

Stanley Vestal Records Another Chapter in Western History

For a long while past the youth of Britain and America have been regaled with stirring tales of the Golden West. They have loomed up in the full panoply of technicolor, always a bit larger than life, it seemed, and before that there was a vast, sprawling, inaccurate literature, for the most part written for young people, and with no eye upon the verdict of history. Now at last historians of the West are emerging. That extraordinary epoch in American history is beginning to come into perspective. Stanley Vestal already has a number of books to his credit on this fascinating topic, and his latest, DODGE CITY—QUEEN OF THE COW TOWNS (Peter Nevill. 12s. 6d.), is a most engaging piece of work. Dodge started as a booming camp of buffalo-hunters, and from the outset it was notorious as the wickedest little city in America, consisting largely of dance halls, bordellos, and saloons infested with wild women and bad men. There, it was said, a man might break the ten commandments in one night, die with his boots on and be buried on Boot Hill in the morning.

Mr. Vestal presents this story factually and well. The early years, when white men first saw the Great Plains as one vast buffalo pasture extending from the Colorado River in Texas up to Saskatchewan in Canada, when the buffalo covered the earth as if with a great robe, sometimes hundreds of miles across, soon gave place to years of insensate slaughter, when this vast natural wealth of the plains disappeared beneath the hail of musketry. Apparently it was only the Indian who stopped to wonder why man should exterminate the animals that could live untended, only to replace them by the cattle herds that had no such independence. In the wake of wealth came lawlessness. Some of the best chapters of this excellent book show how men like Wyatt Earp and the Mastersons took control on Front Street to protect the name of citizens from the worst elements who invaded the town. Wyatt Earp was a grand man with a gun, but he preferred to exercise moral force, and we see very clearly the skill with which he guided Dodge into more peaceful paths. Somehow the young, the lusty and the reckless settled down, or at least their grandsons and grand-daughters did, but they were a very human folk and without them this part of pioneer America would never have achieved its notoriety, its virility, or its fame.

It was inevitable after *Doctor in the House* that we should have a book about dentists. Presumably DENTIST IN THE CHAIR (Dennis Dobson. 10s. 6d.), by Matthew Finch, will now be followed by *Barrister at the Bar* or *Milkmaid at the Pail*, as the list of professions is very long. It is to be hoped, however, that levels of interest can be raised above the students' rag and the comment a little less superficial than is contained in *Dentist in the Chair*. The book is readable enough, but many of the jokes seem to be part of a students' common cliché language. It will help the time to pass on a too familiar train journey.

Of an antiquity clearly beyond normal measure, the Basques, a people with a turn of mind readily associated with the obscurities of their history, are a fascinating study. In THE BASQUE COUNTRY (Putnam. 18s.) Vivian Rowe takes a peep behind the mysterious curtain. This is a most worthwhile travel book, and following Mr. Rowe on his imaginary journey through this land stretching on both sides of the Pyrenean border is a most rewarding adventure.

Two authors have lately had the misfortune to hit upon the same title for their books and Rodney Begg's LIGHTEST AFRICA (Hurst and Blackett. 12s. 6d.) is the second of them. Let us hope that both volumes duly benefit from each other's reflected glory. Mr. Begg is a light-hearted writer. He was lured to Tanganyika by the ground-nuts scheme, and once there, adventures seemed to unfold naturally before him and his family, for with him went his wife Marjorie, two small sons, and Granny, too. There is never a dull moment in this version of *Lightest Africa*.

There is no reason why Mount Everest, the highest point of the earth's crust, should not be called the third pole. Professor G. O. Dyhrenfurth is attracted by the title and, after duly justifying it in a rather heavy-handed preface, goes on to present a detailed and satisfying history of the High Himalayas, which has been translated most excellently from the German by Hugh Merrick, who is himself, as readers of THE SPHERE well know, an authority on mountaineering matters. TO THE THIRD POLE (Werner Laurie. 30s.) was written in 1952, prior to recent feats on K2, Kangchenjunga, Cho Oyu and other peaks, but a most adequate supplement brings us right up to date in this great mountaineering record. The description of the triumph on Everest is simply and movingly presented.

STRANGEST CREATURES ON EARTH (Harrap. 15s.) is Edward M. Weyer's natural history anthology chosen from articles written by many eminent naturalists for the *American Natural History Magazine*, of which he is editor. Fish that climb trees, lions that walk only backwards and spiders which dive and remain under water for days, are only some of the curiosities of this unusual parade.

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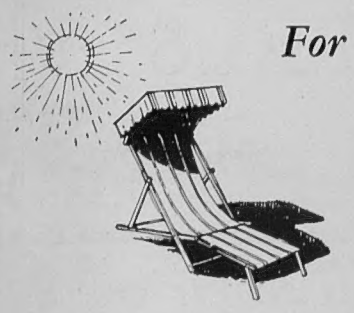

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

WITH lighter evenings our thoughts turn to places outside London and its sprawling suburbs, where we can dine and wine free from the distractions of music and dancing.

It is an absorbing subject tracking down such gastronomic joys, for they are few and far between as judged by Continental standards. If you were to ask me to suggest the nearest place to London, I would say " The Mitre " at Hampton Court—but twelve miles out. A pleasant run, especially if one knows that route via Cromwell Road, Hammersmith Bridge, along the river bank to Mortlake and then through Richmond Park to Kingston. From thence it is but a matter of five minutes before one draws up at the wistaria-clad Mitre which, facing the grounds of Hampton Court Palace, has historic associations dating back to the years of Charles II. For years it has earned fame as a halting place for travellers, but it has only been in the present decade that well-known personalities in every walk of life have gone there for the express purpose of enjoying good food and wine.

I have heard it said that The Mitre is expensive. Of course it is, compared with the ordinary English hotel's set dinner. Good food nowadays *is* expensive, and at The Mitre one pays for not only the best of quality, but the practised skill which alone can take care of cooking, presentation and service. I do not know how many " covers " The Mitre caters for nightly—I imagine about a hundred. For this a staff of eighty is employed, some twenty of them being employed in kitchens which are among the finest in the country.

Acting on the theory that " where one dines well, one should sleep " we recently fulfilled a long-felt wish to sleep under The Mitre's centuries-old roof. With only twelve bedrooms the management cannot focus too much attention on their sleeping accommodation, especially as there are many periods of the year when they are fully booked weeks ahead. For all that, I must stress the meticulous cleanliness of the room assigned to my wife and me, the gleaming paintwork and brass of the adjoining bathroom, the modern appointments and the detailed thought that went into them. One original touch was the cloth we found placed on the floor by the bedside as we retired for the night, on it was embroidered " Good Night." In the morning we half expected the maid, when she brought our early-morning cup of tea, to have reversed the mat and then to find on it the words " Good Morning."

Bed and breakfast (and what a perfectly cooked one it was) cost us 30s. each. Our *à la carte* dinner, with coffee and wine, was about £2 10s. altogether. Never did we pay our hotel bill more cheerfully or set forth for London in such good heart.

For those who want to dance as well as dine, I consider The Orchard at Ruislip represents excellent value. We British people are presumed to take our pleasures sadly. In the gay, modern environments of The Orchard, however, cares are cast off with one's coat in the cloakroom. A band plays with excellent tempo, one experiences the same standard of efficiency that one expects in a West End restaurant, and on a Saturday night, when evening dress is strictly enforced for dancing, one has forgotten all about one's cares when the time comes to retrieve one's coat.

On a summer evening, when traffic on the roads has slackened, visitors from overseas will welcome the opportunity of driving out of town and seeing the greenery and enjoying the fragrance of the English countryside. Where shall we take them, other than the two places which will specially appeal because of their nearness to London's West End ?

It may mean a few extra miles, but what is that to the Australian, South African or American, who thinks nothing of a hundred-miles run to see neighbours. With high gastronomic standards still in mind, therefore, the journey is always worthwhile to Mr. and Mrs. Henri Bally's auberge, if I may so call it, The White Lodge Hotel and Restaurant at Blindley Heath, 25 miles out on the London–Eastbourne Road. Expensive ? By English standards, yes, but the gastronome would not expect cheapness when being catered for by one who has worked with Boulestin and others.

You go to The White Lodge in the adventurous spirit of partaking of good food and wine, and my advice to you is to go down there mid-week when Henri has more time to concentrate, like a true artist, on the individual. Here, too, I always aim to spend the night, for after a Continental feast what could be nicer than waking up to hear the thrush, and receive that first cup of English brewed tea ?

If you do not already know it, let me introduce you to still another " temple of good living," this time on the London–Portsmouth Road, and just under 20 miles from town—it is The Mayflower Hotel, Restaurant and Country Club at Cobham. Pleasant memories are the best investment one can make, and I have many happy recollections of the friendly Mayflower where Mr. and Mrs. Charles, and their staff, take great pride in looking after their guests. I am not going to try to catalogue the many specialities for which they are famed, but whatever your fancy, it is a sure thing that, given the season and the time, the dishes of your choice will be presented to you and win your wholehearted approval. Remember, The Mayflower is not licensed, and is a club, so it is necessary beforehand to become a member. This is a good point as it does keep the company selective !

I must not end my article on what could almost be called " The art of good living " without once more drawing attention to The Hind's Head at Bray, to which I always journey with a feeling of " hopeful anticipation."

Here is a classic example of an obscure inn rising to fame by reason of the excellence of its English fare, with the proper accompaniment, vintage wines. The bedroom accommodation at The Hind's Head is limited, but most rooms have a private bathroom and are centrally heated, so if you did not feel desirous of driving back to London . . . here you could find bliss indeed !

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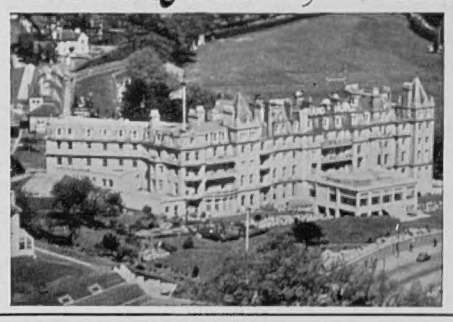

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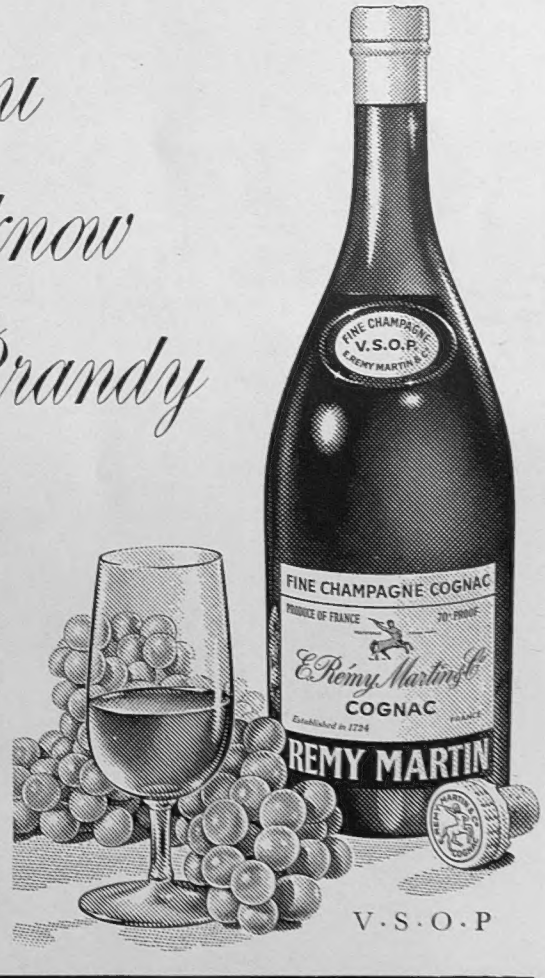

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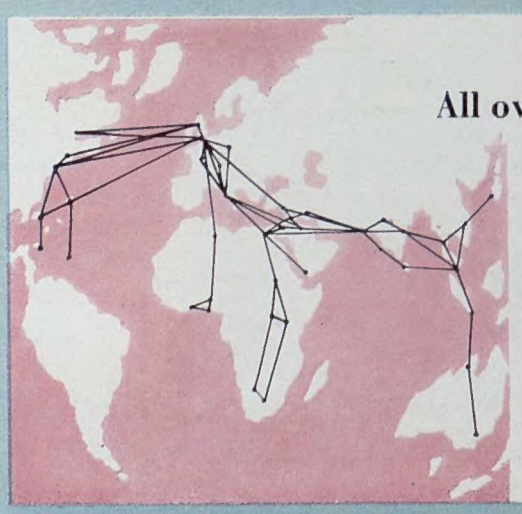

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